THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GRAVE OF WOLFE TONE.

Eloquent and Instructive Discourse Delivered by Mr. E. N. Whelan, of the Dublin Young Ireland Society at the Grave of the Patriot.

The Principles Taught by the Illustrious Tone Animate the Hearts of All True Irishmen Today.

The following able and patriotic discourse was delivered by Mr. E. N. Whelan of the Dublin Young Ireland Society, at the grave of Wolfe Tone, Bodenstown churchyard, county Kildare, on June 20. We publish it with pleasure:

Mr. Whelan stated they had assembled once more to commemorate the anniversary of the birth of Wolfe Tone, and to testify by their presence in the graveyard that in spite of the denationalizing effects of the political agitation of the last ten years there were people in Ireland who believed that in the study of Tone's teachings more than in anything else the true spirit of Irish Nationality is to be found. When Tone was born on the 20th of June, 1763, the penal laws were in full force, and were making a change for the worse in the character of the majority of the Irish people. Deprived of the means of education, their manufactures suppressed, and their industry unrewarded, the efforts of their leaders to testify their loyalty treated with contempt every opportunity taken by the dominant class to show them that though three-fourths of the entire population still legally they had no existence, they were outside the benefits of the law, it is not to be wondered at that the idea of the duty which they owed to themselves and to their country became less and less. In the servile Irish parliament of that day there was a small party who styled themselves the "patriot party," but whose idea of patriotism was very shallow; they directed their efforts generally towards some small parliamentary reforms, but would not entertain any proposal to relieve the Catholics or the Dissenters from the disabilities under which they labored. Their idea of an Irish nation was limited to one from the benefit of which Catholics and Dissenters should be barred.

It sometimes happened that the patriot party became too strong or too troublesome, then the viceroy would, by offering government places to some, and judiciously distributing pensions among others, break its power and secure a willing parliamentary majority to carry on English interests in this country to the detriment of the interests of Ireland. There were certainly some among the "patriot party" whom all the gold in England could not corrupt, but their feeble efforts to wring justice from England were of no avail. They saw the taxation of their country increased, while her manufacture and commerce diminished, and thus while their country grew poorer and poorer they were powerless to prevent it. Parliament voted year after year increased pensions to Irish place-hunters, and this state of things did not cease until Grattan, with the aid of the cannon and swords of the volunteers, wrung from England those concessions which she had refused to less powerful appeals (hear, hear).

The volunteers were formed in 1781,* the first corps being organized in Belfast. The organization spread rapidly throughout the land. It was a noble sight to see this down-trodden land of ours springing to arms to defend herself from foreign invasion, while the nation that held her in bondage, that ruined her industries and brought her to the depths of bankruptcy was unable to protect what she so unlawfully held and so unjustly treated. Surely Mitchel must have been right when he declared that many of the volunteers, armed with the belief that the greatest enemy of their country—the principal foe they would have to fight—was England. We know how Grattan used the volunteers for the benefit of Ireland. How he first, with their aid, wrung free trade and afterward a free parliament from the unwilling government of England. We know also how Flood forced from the British government the Act of Renunciation. I do not think it would be out of place to say a few words of these two great Irishmen—Grattan and Flood—if only to compare their efforts with those of Tone. Of the two, Grattan was the greater genius, an orator unequalled in his own day, and who has not been equalled since. A lover of liberty and a hater of oppression, his whole life was spent in endeavoring to remove the disabilities under which the majority of his countrymen labored, to place the Catholics on an equality with their Protestant brethren. Yet, withal, when the French people rose in anger and threw off the bonds of serfdom under which they so long labored, when the principles of the French revolution permeated Europe, when monarchs trembled for the safety of their crowns and felt their thrones tottering beneath them, Grattan took sides against the people, opposed the principles of the French revolution, and to the end his life was a bitter opponent of any form of liberty which he thought savored of "French ideas." Flood, on the other hand, less gifted than Grattan, was the more far-seeing statesman. He trusted England less than Grattan trusted her, as witness his quarrel with Grattan over the Renunciation act, and in this history tells us he was right. But great statesman as he was, Flood was a constant opponent of the Catholic claims. How, in after years, when the volunteers were dissolved, when pensions were distributed and place-hunting carried on, on a scale hitherto unknown, Flood must have regretted his action in opposing these measures, for had the Catholics been placed on an equality with the Protestants they would have been found among the most bitter opponents of the Union, and the British government never could have bribed the bishops of Ireland to support that measure with the promise of emancipation.

While Grattan and Flood were quarreling as to the necessity for the Renunciation act, there was within the walls of Trinity college a young man whose teachings were destined to have a greater effect on his countrymen than either those of Grattan or of Flood, whose idea of nationality was purer, less selfish, and more patriotic than that of any man who either preceded or succeeded him. A man who, unlike Grattan, saw nothing to be condemned in the determination of an outraged and a wronged people, like the French, to strike off link after link the chain of servitude and feudalism which years of oppression and tyranny had rivetted on them. Such a man was Theobold Wolfe Tone, by whose grave we are today assembled, whose memory we today commemorate. Tone was 27 years of age when he entered public life. A highly successful political pamphlet which he wrote brought him into contact with the principal leaders of the Whig party, and from political motives he made a close examination into the situation of his native land. "I made speedily," he says in his memoir, "what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our government, and consequently that Ireland could never be free, prosperous and happy until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connection with England existed."

Later on, in his autobiography under date of the same year (1791), he more fully explains his views and the means he proposed to carry these views into execution. He says: "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of past dissensions, and substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter; these were my means." During the whole of his subsequent career his one great object was to carry into effect these theories. He labored hard to unite the Catholics and the Dissenters—to show them that they had one common interest and one common enemy. He was a Dublin Protestant, though he was secretary of the Catholic committee, and in Belfast was chief among those who formed the United Irishmen society, and through his great influence the two bodies worked in unison. The Catholics, under the leadership of the famous John Keogh, were organized as they had never been organized before. A spirit of manhood was infused into their organization; the weak Catholic peers and the servile Catholic aristocracy, who for so long controlled the organization, were thrust aside and their places taken by bold and independent men, who, instead of petitioning and craving for emancipation, demanded it as a right. The United Irishmen society was not, when first started, a secret organization, their work was done openly and above board, their object was to obtain parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. The society spread rapidly, and at the same time the principles of the French revolution were permeating Ulster; the God-given right of every man to think for himself was being understood and practiced. A spirit of toleration was prevalent among all.

In the town of Belfast was observed the singular sight of the Protestant volunteers marching through the streets cheering for the French Republic, and when the news reached Ireland that the soldiers of that young European Republic had driven England's allies out of France, the northern capital vied with Dublin in its enthusiasm. The first part of the great task Tone laid out for himself was being achieved. Denominational differences were disappearing, and Irishmen of all religions were uniting in the cause of Ireland. All thinking men saw whither the movement was drifting; they all saw that the United Irishmen and the Catholics were rapidly following in the footsteps of the American colonies, and were drifting in the direction of separation. The government resolved to strike, but how? They adopted the policy which has always been the great curse of this country, the policy of conciliation. England never yet adopted this policy towards Ireland without having some ulterior motive for doing so. England never extended the hand of friendship to Ireland, but with the object of striking the coward's blow when the opportunity arose. No Irish party ever yet united or allied itself with an English party without, in the end, being seduced from its allegiance to Ireland. This is the great lesson which Irish history teaches to distrust England always, but more especially in her conciliatory moods towards this country. And this is the lesson which, it would seem, Irishmen will never learn. The Catholics were conciliated and were admitted to the parliamentary franchise. Tone advised the Catholic committee not to accept this measure but to demand complete emancipation. John Keogh said "No, we will accept this and bide our time for the rest."

Lord Fitzwilliam was sent as viceroy bearing the olive branch to the Catholics, whose hopes were now raised to the highest pitch. They had confidence in Fitzwilliam and in the justice of his mission, but according as they learned to put trust in Fitzwilliam and faith in British honor they learned also to distrust their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The more timorous opposed the teachings of the United Irishmen. The seeds of dissension were sown between the two bodies, when lo! Fitzwilliam was recalled, the hopes of the Catholics dashed to the ground, Camden sent over as viceroy, and a policy of coercion and terrorism inaugurated. The Catholics, notwithstanding the parliamentary franchise, found themselves worse off than before, for now their mighty organization was destroyed. Tone was not deceived by this conciliatory policy. No half measures or measures for the benefit of any one class would satisfy him, his goal was separation. The government having broken the powers of the Catholic committee resolved to attack the United Irishmen's society; a meeting of the society, held in Dublin, was dispersed by the police. Bond and Butler were arrested. Hamilton Rowan was unsuccessfully prosecuted; the Rev. Wm. Jackson—a Protestant clergyman was tried for high treason, but before sentence was passed he died in the dock, having anticipated British vengeance, by poisoning himself. Tone and the other leaders were constantly watched, and their movements noted. In the face of such persecution it was impossible to carry on the society as an open one, and so its constitution was changed while its object remained the same. It became a secret oath-bound organization.

Continuing, the speaker reviewed the actions of Tone, who left Ireland and placed his wife and children in America, so that he might be at liberty to pursue his efforts in the cause of Ireland unhampered. He dealt with the unsuccessful attempts of Tone to get a force from France, and finally when expedition after expedition was sent out the failure of each to land forces in Ireland, while meantime Irish affairs at home had reached a crisis, when during the spring of '98, the time fixed for the insurrection, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested, and McCracken, taking the field in the North on May 24, was defeated, arrested, tried by court-martial, and hanged. The news of the insurrection moved Tone to further efforts, and the speaker detailed all those up to the time of the arrest of Tone on board the Hoche in Lough Swilly, ending in his alleged suicide in prison. The speaker said he had endeavored to place before them the principal events in the life of Tone, which was now a matter of history; but history was of little use unless they applied the examples it contains of past successes and past failures to the events of our own day. Ireland was no better off today than she was in the days of Tone. Individually we may have more freedom, but Ireland the nation had disappeared, and in its place was Ireland, the province. When Tone entered politics, as you have already heard, the people were divided by sectarian differences, and he strove to unite all classes for one common end, to substitute the name of Irishman for the denominations—Catholic, Protestant and Dissenter. Today, the speaker said, the Irish people are divided as in the days of Tone—not, however, by sectarianism, but by politics. They wanted a Tone today who would teach the people that outside of politics there was a broad national platform on which all could unite. They could all hold various political views, and exercise their rights to vote at election times, but, that done, they should forget Parnellism, McCarthyism, Whigism, Toryism and every other politicalism, and then come together as Irishmen in a common cause.

Unfortunately one great political party, now smashed up into various small political parties, styled itself the National party, the result being that the great majority of the Irish people today confound nationality and politics—two separate and distinct subjects—that should be kept and judged apart. They take their idea of nationality from the columns of a political press or the speeches of political c. dors. They never think how often the interests of Ireland and the interests of party clash, nor how often the interests of Ireland are pushed aside to make way for the interest of party. To give you an example of what I mean: If there is one cause that is surely more national than another it is the cause of amnesty (hear, hear). We were told before the last election that home rule should be accompanied by amnesty, that the settlement of differences between two nations was always accompanied by an exchange of prisoners of war, and that home rule would be a farce unless the Irish prisoners of war would be released; but if that theory held good in 1891, why not it also hold good in 1886? When the first Home Rule bill was introduced why was no demand made for the release of the Irish political prisoners? Surely it was the interest of Ireland then that these men should be released. Yes! but it was not to the interest of the then political party to demand their release. That is but one of several examples that might be quoted. And this mistaking of politics for nationality will continue to exist until our people educate themselves in the history of their native land, and learn from the pages of Irish history what true nationality really means. Their celebration had a special interest this year, for this year and this month occur the first centenary of the famous Cave Hill compact.

Had Tone succeeded in his object as Washington succeeded, two weeks ago there would have assembled on Cave Hill, Belfast, representatives from all parts of Ireland and from our Irish brethren abroad to suitably commemorate the first centenary of the compact that laid the foundation of Irish freedom. Belfast would have been illuminated, Ireland, from Malin Head to Cape Clear, would have rejoiced, and the name of Cave Hill would have been as well known in the history of the world as is the name of Bunker Hill today, but where Washington succeeded Tone failed, and if Independence Day be a day of special rejoicing in America has not Ireland, from the very fact that Tone and his compatriots failed, still greater reason to suitably commemorate the first centenary of the day on which Tone and his friends pledged themselves to free their native land, and is it not a stigma upon our countrymen that this has been allowed to pass practically unnoticed? Another centenary which is to be celebrated in a few days was the centenary of Maynooth College. From a religious point of view no fault could be found with that commemoration; on the contrary, all Catholics must rejoice at the religious work the college has done during the past 100 years, but it is sad for a Catholic Nationalist to remember that the college was one of the fruits of the policy of conciliation which sapped the union between the Catholic committee and the United Irishmen.

Maynooth college was incorporated by law in June, 1795, and received a parliamentary grant of £8,000. Was it any love of the Catholic religion which induced the government to make that grant? Was it for the purpose of spreading a religion which, up to that time they had been persecuting, that they endowed Maynooth? No; it was for the purpose of destroying the nationality of the priesthood of Ireland. The government intended Maynooth college to be as truly an institution for upholding British authority in this country as is the constabulary depot in the Phœnix Park. In February, 1898, and for that year the grant was increased to £10,000. Why? To pave the way for the outrages that were to commence a few months later. To silence the voices of the bishops, and through them the priesthood, during the dreadful reign of terror of 1798. The grant continued until 1871, when as provided by the Irish Church Act of 1869, it ceased, and in compensation for its loss Maynooth college received from the British government the munificent sum of £372,331. Maynooth college must have done the work of the British government well when England could have ventured to pay so generously.

The Gaels of Kildare had done well in placing the new stone on the grave of Tone, and to them was due the thanks of all true Irish Nationalists, for according to their means and ideas they placed on the grave the best stone they could. It was not perhaps worthy of the great man whose remains lie underneath, but until the Irish race build on this grave a more magnificent monument this truly national work will reflect the highest honor on the G. A. A. of Kildare. He asked them to guard the grave well; to see that it was not desecrated by people coming there by clipping or by hacking the stone they had erected or pulling the ivy from the wall. He asked them to keep the grave neatly dressed, and to come there often or to send their children there often to place flowers on this grave, and to remove the withered wreaths off it. All nations honor their heroes, and why should they not do so? Even our countrymen abroad do not forget the heroes of their race who died in exile.

They found the grave of Tone with the old stone broken, in an untidy and dilapidated state, a disgrace to Irishmen, but they had placed a new stone on the grave which showed good work, and when in the near future an Irish nation, free as Tone would have wished her to be free, shall relieve them from this duty, it will not forget that in the day of disaster and strife they cherished, loved and guarded the grave of Tone. There is something else they should also do. They should build up in their hearts and in the hearts of their children a belief in the principles of Tone. This can be done by educating themselves and their children in Irish history. What Tone could have learned from the pages of Swift and Molyneux they could also learn. They can learn the same in the pages of Mitchel and of Davis, and of the numerous other men who have gone before them, leaving behind them works to guide their fellow countrymen on their road to freedom. They should teach themselves, and above all teach their children the true situation of their native land, what England gains by keeping a grip of this country, and what Ireland could be were the bonds that bind her to England broken, and contrast that with what she is to-day. They should learn from the life of Tone to be self-respecting, self-reliant and self-supporting, and above all to think for themselves. They should use the brains God has given to each and every one of them. They should remember that Irish nationality was something higher, something nobler than party politics, and that Irish freedom was not to be obtained merely by registration work.

[*We think Mr. Whelan will find that the first volunteer company was formed in Strabane, county Tyrone, on the Donegal border, in 1778. From this small beginning the great movement spread. Belfast, according to our information and belief, did not take the initiative.—ED.]

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

IRELAND'S EDEN.

An American Newspaper Correspondent Graphically Describes the Heavenly Charms of Killarney's Storied Lakes.

A Country too Beautiful for the Pen of Mortal to Fittingly Describe.

After kissing the Blarney stone and thoroughly enjoying the more agreeable features of Cork, says "Nazro" in the Chicago *Record*, we decided that Killarney and its wonderfully beautiful lakes should be our next and last place in southern Ireland. 'Tis beyond the powers of the human pen to do full justice to the scenery hereabouts; the lights, shadows and colorings of water, hill and dale are simply wonderful and partake too much of the heavenly for us poor mortals to attempt a fitting description. The air is so soft, balmy and soporific that one falls asleep several times during the day, sleeps through the night and fights against getting up in the morning to do a lot of riding and sight-seeing. However, the tourist is common property hereabouts, and the inhabitants expect that a perfect man shall undertake a giddy round of excursions, beginning generally at unearthly hours in the morning and lasting all day. This pernicious custom tends to the enrichment of car drivers, boat proprietors, pony owners, guides, and has the further local advantage that you pay for your board by the day, and take your meals in the mountains and the lakes, much to the joy of hotelkeepers.

To the novice the jaunting car, on which one starts out on his journey, seems a most unsafe and devil-may-care vehicle. You sit sidewise over one of the two wheels with nothing between you and the flying hedge. You expect every minute to be thrown on your face in the ditch, and it is a constant wonder to you that you still are in your place on the car. The driver goes with a reckless speed that is terrifying and you have nothing to hold on by. You can scarcely indeed hold your breath, for it is fairly taken away by the headlong pace at which you are going. After awhile you find that you are still alive and can breathe more freely, and you begin to realize that the car is merely having its fun with you and that besides being the easiest riding machine imaginable it is as safe as a church.

You first strike a pretty road with a deep, sunless plantation on one side and gentle hills on the other, while above the trees overlooking the lake can be seen the chimneys of the mansion of the earl of Kenmare, one of the two owners of the lakes of Killarney. It seems to be the habit of the nobility and gentry of Ireland to build a house several times more expensive than they can afford and larger than they need, and then slide gently into bankruptcy. While the remark is not to be considered as applying in this particular case, it is induced by the many occasions upon which one is informed that the owner of large property has been obliged to go elsewhere.

After quite a ride through lanes leading across rougher country than we found at the start we found the jolting increased to such an extent that we were forced to begin a bargain with a lot of pony boys who had been following us for a mile or two. The journey to Ross Castle, which is usually the objective point, is by no means an unbroken one, as your car must from the nature of the road give way to a pony to take you over the pass, then to see the lake a boat is necessary and finally another car for the return trip. However, the expense, strange enough to say, is comparatively inconsiderable, and everybody connected with it so civil and attentive that no one has a right to grumble.

There were two or three horses more than our party required, and as the drivers each boasted of the fine qualities, of his particular beast it was rather hard to make a selection. Finally a race was agreed upon and we were to make our selection at its close. Away dashed the squadron of horsemen with their coat-tails flying like banners behind them, yelling and whooping like mad. Round the turning mark they went in a body, and down the field they came toward us like a tornado, each man bending over the neck of his steed while he lashed wildly with his switch.

Our car horse frightened at the tumult, became very restless and finally swerved around square across the narrow road, which he completely blocked up and headed off the racers on the way to the finishing goal. There was an exciting moment as the racers dashed to one side and all but three of them tumbled into the ditch that ran along parallel with the road. We hardly expected to see rider or horse come out unmalmed, but apparently no harm was done, and as the number of animals that went into the ditch just tallied with our party, the matter was settled on that basis. We mounted and found that the animals were no worse than they looked, and, reinforcing our drivers and ourselves with "mountain dew" that the pretty black-eyed country girls sold to us as the beverage of the country, we started for Kate Kearney's cottage, which was the first point of interest.

Some one of our number had read of what the poet wrote of Kate Kearney and her cottage and he told us the story, so we were willing enough to stop there with him until he satisfied his curiosity, which he did by taking a long pull at a jug containing poteen and goat's milk that Kate's granddaughter brought out for us to drink to the memory of her distinguished ancestress.

When we got to the Gap of Dunloe, our next halting place, there were five lakes, and in one was placed the last snake ever seen in Ireland. The guides tell you that St. Patrick said the snake would get out tomorrow, but we all know now that tomorrow never comes. The poteen and such is, however, sufficiently bad to induce the belief that if a person were to partake too freely of it he would surely see this snake and a whole lot of others. The little river that flows into Serpent lake twists and turns in true serpentine fashion, and is said to represent the track the snake made when squirming to its lengthened stay in the lake region.

There is a celebrated echo in the pass and for some time we had been followed by men and boys with trumpets, who offered to make the welkin ring for a consideration. A reputable firm of cannon-firers, who, with their ordnance, work in conjunction with the echo, the latter being a sleeping partner until waked up by the noise of the gun, sent advance agents to us respectfully soliciting our patronage. They were echo-makers to the nobility and gentry, so of course we paid the shot.

The pass itself is very grand and the surrounding scenery exceedingly beautiful. Purple Mountain, so called, strangely enough, because it *is* purple, keeps constant watch over the traveler through the gap. It is one of the most lovely mountains anywhere to be seen, the purple heather which gives it its color being of a pure, delicate hue most charming to look upon. Once over the pass descent is made by a long, looped road reminding one of Alpine scenes down into the Black Valley, a gloomy gorge that fully justifies its name. At last we reach a gate where we pony up with the drivers, as the sign "He who enters here leaves all ponies behind" warns one that another stage of the journey has been completed.

It was the upper lake that we were about to see, and the Herbert estate was where we were admitted for a consideration. The money paid is said to go toward keeping the lakes in repair. The wear and tear of a lake caused by small boats going over it in this part of the world is said to be something that we Americans have no idea of. We concluded that the statement was correct as to its final clause.

The scenery is wild and rugged. In one spot a mountain called Eagle's Nest rises sheer from the water's edge 1,000 feet into the air, and it is sublime. It takes two looks at least to see the whole from base to summit. The stories that these boatmen can tell are wonderful, and they are chock full of legendary lore. One man pointed out the marks on the solid rock where somebody and his bride had jumped, and sure enough there were the gigantic footprints to prove it. Let us hope that the lady was not troubled with cold feet, for they were big enough to lower the temperature over all the South of Ireland. We soon came to a bay with no visible outlet. The boatman, knowing we were Americans, asked us to guess the way out, and as we were none of us able to do so he was jubilant.

After shooting the rapids under the old weir bridge, which our boatmen said were swifter and more dangerous than any we had in Ameriky, we drew up at Dinish Island, a scene of truly sylvan beauty, the like of which is not to be found in many a long day's ramble. Here, is the "meeting of the waters" [not Moore's] celebrated in song and story, while just round the corner are the Colleen Bawn rocks and caves made familiar to us by a famous actor. The middle lake has a quiet, soft beauty of its own that is peaceful and comforting after the more savage grandeur of the upper lake. Our course lies under the fine bridge of the perfect arch and into the great lake until finally we are landed at Ross Castle.

Lake Excursions.

The great whaleback steamship Christopher Columbus, leaves at 9 o'clock every morning from Rush street bridge, for Milwaukee, and starts on its return trip from that city at 5 p.m. The accommodations on this boat cannot be excelled. The trip is invigorating and pleasant.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

KILLED BY A CYCLONE

SEVERAL LIVES LOST IN A STORM IN THE EAST.

Many Buildings Blown to Pieces by the Whirling Terror — Six Street Cars Wrecked—Incidents of the Disaster and the Destruction Done.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The first cyclone in many years has struck New York, and resulted fatally in one instance, besides wrecking a large amount of valuable property. The cyclone descended upon the upper part of east New York, known as Cypress Hills, at 4:30 p. m., continued on its way to the lower plains district, and from there traveled to Woodhaven. The cloud was first seen going over Cypress Hills. It was funnel shaped and hung very close to the ground. At the upper end was a red spot that appeared more like an incandescent light than anything else. The cyclone swept over the cemetery, wrecking handsome and costly monuments. It tore down trees for about 200 feet and then turned into Jamaica avenue. On this street it wrecked six street cars, and half a dozen people were slightly hurt. Thirty houses were wrecked in Woodhaven.

Nine Persons, All Told, Killed.

There was just one person killed in east New York, Mrs. Louisa Ketrequin, who was standing in the door of her house when the storm struck it and demolished it. She was instantly killed. The balance of the casualty list is given as follows, the victims being residents of the villages and vicinities of Cherry Hill, N. J., and Woodhaven, L. I. The dead are: Frank H. Ahrens, aged 8 months; Anton Fischer, laborer; Conrad Friedman, proprietor of the Cherry Hill hotel; Willie Friedman, little son of the hotel keeper; Tony Kolg; Mrs. Jennie Petriquan, of Union Course; two unidentified laborers who had taken refuge in a barn at Cherry Hill.

The more seriously injured are: Mrs. William Ahrens, mother of the dead infant; Willie Ahrens, aged 3 years; Edgar Chinnock, fractured skull; Charles Cole, of Paterson; Anton Hoffman, three ribs broken; Alexander Jones, the village blacksmith; Andrew Suttell, nose, arm, and leg broken.

Freaks of the Kansas Whirler.

There were twenty residents of Woodhaven hit by the various objects which were carried through the air. Chimneys sailed through the air as though they were not heavier than feathers. At Woodhaven a woman was in an outhouse. The house was picked up and carried by the storm for more than a block. Finally the woman was landed on one side of the street and the house on the other. The woman had a miraculous escape from serious injury, receiving only a slight cut on the forehead.

The infant of the Ahrens family was lying in a crib when the crash came. The house was unroofed and a flying stick struck the child in the head, tearing off one of the ears as cleanly as though severed by a surgeon's knife and causing death. When the husband, who is a New York business man, returned the sun was shining brightly and his wife was sitting amid the ruins with the body of her dead child in her arms.

Thousands Visit the Devastation.

Between 40,000 and 50,000 persons visited the scene of the ruin and devastation at Cherry Hill yesterday. Some of the unfortunates whose homes were wrecked sat about during the day wondering what was in store for them. Hackensack and the other towns have responded promptly to the call for aid made by the people of Cherry Hill. Viewed in the light of day the ruin appeared more complete. Everywhere in the path of the storm were wrecks. The leafless trees that withstood the strain of the whirlwind gave the appearance of midwinter.

Death Roll Decreased by Two.

The two Polish laborers reported killed are alive in the hospital. They are Andrew Sautle, and Anton Hoffman. both are badly injured. Edgar Chinock, the doctors think, will die. His skull is fractured. During the early part of Saturday night the owners of the wrecked dwellings sat about them guarding their ruins, but later a patrol was formed which guarded the streets.

Educational Convention Adjourns.

DENVER, July 13.—The National Educational association convention has adjourned, the last act being the induction into office of the new president, N. C. Dougherty. The consideration of school questions has never been more thorough than at this convention, and everybody is delighted with its success in that respect. A committee was appointed to co-operate with the Atlanta exposition, headed by President Dougherty. The matter of next place of meeting was left to the executive committee. Resolutions were adopted that the members of the association attend the Atlanta exposition as far as possible, indorsing the flag on the schoolhouse as an object lesson in patriotism, indorsing Indian education, hailing the advent of the kinder garten and urging the more complete educational equipment of teachers.

Begins Suit to Recover $300,000.

SIOUX CITY, July 13.—The Credit Commutation company, of this city, has begun suit against D. T. Hedges in the United States court in Los Angeles, Cala., to recover $300,000 on personal notes given by Hedges to the Union Loan and Trust company, which went under during the financial panic of 1893. Hedges was one of five men who operated the famous railroad syndicate during the boom days in Sioux City. He was the first to knock the props from under the tottering Union Loan and Trus company, resulting in its total collapse.

Two Failures at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 11.—Two local commission houses have been pushed to the wall by the downward flight of the price of wheat. G. Montague & Co., 6 Sherman street, and Fred A. Hubbard & Co., 7 Rialto building, have announced their inability to carry on their trades, and ordered them closed. Montague & Co.'s liabilities are said to be $40,000 and Hibbard & Co.'s $10,000.

Smallpox Attacks a Family.

CLEVELAND, July 12.—Five cases of smallpox have developed in the family of David Reece, a tin worker at Zenaville, O. One child has died and half the people in the village attended the funeral, not knowing the nature of the disease.

RAGING FOREST FIRES.

They Are Again Playing Havoc with Property in Michigan.

PETOSKEY, Mich., July 13.—Forest fires have burned up to the village of Brutus, on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad north of here, but the village was saved. The fires burned into the Petoskey Roman Catholic cemetery, but the fire department prevented their spreading. There has been heavy loss to crops and standing timber, but rains have now checked the fires. The Western Union has completed its connections. The summer resort—Oden—and the village of Conway, on Crooked lake, and the hamlets of Carpenter and Bay Shore, a few miles west of Petoskey, were in great danger. At Carpenter several buildings caught fire from sparks, but by the most strenuous efforts of men, women and children the mill, lumber yards and town were saved.

Forty-Two Square Miles Devastated.

MUSKEGON, Mich., July 13.—Within one and a half miles of North Muskegon the forest fires have cut out a burned district six by seven miles, in which they have been blazing since Sunday. In the center of the district, on the edge of the great cedar swamp, stands the Van Zant sawmill with its stock of logs and lumber, which scores of farmers are fighting to save. Unless rain comes it is gone. The ground is dry and the fire seems to burn the very soil. Thousands of acres of woodland in Laketon, Fruitland and Dalton townships have been burned over. Fences are burning in all directions and scores of homes are threatened. No rain has fallen this year sufficient to dampen the earth an inch.

Destruction to Valuable Property.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., July 13.—Fierce and damaging fires are still raging near Thompsonville, Frankfort and around Wallin. South of Frankfort farm buildings and valuable timber are being destroyed. Around Traverse City the forests are ablaze, but there is as yet no serious damage to property excepting standing timber. Near Solon and Cedar every available man is out fighting the flames to prevent their communicating with farm buildings and mills. There is a pall of dark smoke shrouding this locality. Between here and Thompsonville much valuable timber is being destroyed, but there is no immediate danger to buildings. Thousands of cords of hemlock bark and posts have been burned.

Rain Falls in the Fire District.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 15.—Specials to The Democrat from points in northern Michigan show that a light rain fell along the Muskegon river and extended north to Cadillac. The rain nearly covered the pine section, and further damage from forest fires is not anticipated there.

DRAKE THE WINNER.

Nominated for Governor by Republicans of Iowa.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 11.—The Republican state convention held in the auditorium of Cavalry Tabernacle was the center of interest to politicians in this state.

When the convention was called to order again at 2 o'clock Governor Jackson and other dignitaries occupied the platform and every seat in the auditorium was filled. Hon. LaFayette Young, editor of The Daily Capital, was elected permanent chairman, and J. W. Willets, of Tama county, secretary. Considerable difficulty was experienced in securing seats for the delegates. Chairman Young was escorted to the chair and made a brief speech in which he said that neither defeat nor success seems to have any effect on the Democratic party. It was needless, he thought, to say anything about the Democrats. They were saying worse things of each other than he dare to say of them. An allusion to the "valley of the shadow of the Democracy" evoked the wildest applause.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for governor and it required six ballots to settle this matter. Drake beginning at 395 with Harlan next, 268, and gradually climbing—416, 500, 558, 597—to 604½ on the sixth, Harlan having 139 3-14 on that ballot; Parrott, 231 3-14; Harsh, 2; Kamrar, 2, and Ormsby, 3. With the announcement of the vote Chairman Young declared General Drake the nominee of the convention for governor. After prolonged cheering balloting for lieutenant-governor was commenced. Matt Parrott, of Waterloo, was nominated on the third ballot, defeating Lieutenant-Governor Dungan, of Chariton, for re-election. In rapid succession Henry Sabin was renominated for superintendent of public instruction; George W. Perkins for railroad commissioner and Josiah Given for judge of the supreme court.

The resolution of indorsement of Allison, after congratulating the people "upon the fact that the state of Iowa will be represented in the fifty-fourth congress by two senators and eleven representatives, who are zealous and fearless advocates of Republican principles," says: "With especial pride do we remember the distinguished services of our senior senator. * * * We hail with satisfaction the universal desire of the Republicans of the state to continue him in his present field of usefulness until called to the larger services of the nation."

At a meeting of the state central committee H. G. McMillan, of Rock Rapids, was elected chairman to succeed James E. Blythe.

Chicago Election Judges Arrested.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Andrew Buchanan and A. E. Gage, Democratic and Republican judges of election in the twentieth precinct of the First ward, respectively, have been arrested for alleged crookedness in the count of that precinct for representatives in congress last fall, by which Belknap (Rep.) was counted out. Buchanan gave bonds and denied the charge, and Gage went to jail. He is quoted as saying that the two Democratic judges did as they pleased at the election in controversy.

Mail Robbery at Marion, Ind.

MARION, Ind., July 12.—Much excitement was caused here when it was discovered that a number of mailboxes throughout the city had been pried open and rifled. The loss will not be known, but one firm, Osborn Paper company, reports a loss of $826 in money and drafts. The boxes were all on business corners, and the loss is thought will be heavy.

He Is Short About $8,000.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., July 11.—George W. Weeks, one of the leading abstractors, loan and insurance agents of this city, prominent in church and social circles, has been arrested, charged with embezzlement. He is short about $8,000

ATTACK ON AN EX-PREMIER.

Stambuloff, of Bulgaria, Brutally Assaulted and Nearly Killed.

SOFIA, Bulgaria, July 16.—Stambuloff, ex-premier of Bulgaria, was returning home last evening from the Union club, accompanied by a colleague, M. Petcheff, when they were attacked by four persons armed with revolvers and knives. Stambuloff received several wounds in the head, and lost a quantity of blood. His condition is serious. The assailants attacked the carriage, compelled the coachman to stop. Stambuloff's servant fired his revolver, but missed the mark. Stambuloff jumped out and immediately received a cut which almost severed his hand from the wrist. Stambuloff then tried to escape but was followed and stabbed in the head and received a revolver shot, when he fell to the ground, where his assailants continued their stabs, badly wounding his other hand.

Both his hands have been amputated. Petcheff, in attempting to defend Stambuloff, was also stabbed, and says that the guns d'armes made no attempt to prevent the tragedy. The attack was made on a frequented street. It is generally remarked now that the last number of the government newspaper organ Mir violently attacked M. Stambuloff, accusing him of being a foreign spy. The outrage is believed to be the personal vengeance of persons who suffered during his regime as premier.

CHICAGO ALDERMEN INDICTED.

Martin and Finkler Will Have to Answer to Solicitation of Bribes.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Late yesterday afternoon the special grand jury called to investigate alleged corruption in the city council relative to Alderman Martin's ice ordinance, voted to indict Alderman William Finkler on two charges of soliciting bribes, and Alderman Charles Martin on similar charges. These "true bills" are expected to be returned to Judge Tuthill today. Fred L. Rabe, an ice dealer, told the grand jury that Alderman Martin demanded $500 from him. Upon this representation one indictment was found.

Other indictments against Alderman Martin were found on the testimony of J. P. Smith, of J. P. Smith & Company. Alderman Finkler was indicted on evidence furnished by J. H. Williams, of the Washington Ice company, and C. B. Shedd and E. A. Shedd, of the Knickerbocker Ice company. These men told of negotiations in Alderman Finkler's office during which the price asked dwindled from $50,000 in a lump to $750 for each of the big companies, and what could be gotten out of the smaller companies.

LABORERS ARE FEW.

Farmers of North Dakota and Minnesota Call Loudly for Help.

ST. PAUL, July 13.—The crop of grain now in sight in northern Minnesota and northern Dakota equals the phenomenal abundance of 1891, when crops were enormous, but large losses occurred because of the scarcity of men at harvest time. Northwestern farmers are trying to profit by the lesson of delay that year by leaving nothing undone this year to properly care for crops, and this is only possible by help coming from the outside. To afford this assistance, will give man a chance to visit this country and look it over and pay their way by working in the harvest fields.

End of the Endeavor Convention.

BOSTON, July 16.—Last night the fourteenth international Christian Endeavor convention came to an end. During its continuance more than 500 meetings have been held. Approximately 80,000 men and women have come from all corners of the North American continent as delegates. Others have come from strange and distant lands, and the most powerful nations have been represented in this vast gathering. While several thousand delegates will return to their homes today the greater number will remain sightseeing until the end of the week. At last night's meeting Mr. Walsh, of the hotel committee, reported that the total registration of delegates present at this convention was 56,265.

Murderer Collins on Trial.

TRENTON, N. J., July 16.—The negro John S. Collins, who killed Fred Ohl, the Princeton student, and seriously wounded Garret S. Cochran, another student, on June 8 last, was arraigned for trial in the Mercer county court. Senator Daly and Chauncey Beasley, his counsel, moved the quashing of the indictment on the ground that it was defective in form, but the objection was not sustained. Collins sat with his counsel nattily attired and apparently much interested in the argument. Many colored people and a few Princeton students were among the spectators.

Murdered and Thrown Into the River.

CLEVELAND, July 16.—The dead body of Patrick Cooney, who had been employed as night watchman in the yards of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railway company, has been found in the river. The dead man's nose had been crushed in, his front teeth had been knocked out, and the body bore other evidence of an assault. It is supposed that Cooney was murdered and thrown into the water by a gang of robbers whom he probably detected in the act of looting cars. No clue to the identity of the murderers has been obtained.

Disappeared with Ten Thousand.

DES MOINES, July 13.—C. O. Davis, banker of East Peru, Ia., has disappeared with $10,000 of the bank's funds. He has been missing since July 5, when he drew several thousand dollars from the banks in this city. The East Peru bank is in the hands of a receiver.

Died with Her Babe in Her Arms.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., July 15.—Mrs. John Cooper, aged 28, was found dead in her rocking chair. She had a child in her arms, which was asleep.

THE DEATH RECORD.

GEORGE GILLESPIE GRADY, well-known showman, at Indianapolis.

Captain W. O. WYCKOFF, father of the typewriting business, on Carleton Island.

Captain JAMES E. BECKWITH, prominent board of trade man, at Chicago.

Rev. D. MCANALLY, senior editor of the Christian Advocate, at St. Louis.

JACOB CRAMER, well-known citizen of Burlington, Ia.

Mrs. N. K. FAIRBANK, wife of the Chicago capitalist, at Chicago.

HUGH MCKITTRICK, pioneer business man of St. Louis, at St. Louis.

Professor NORTON S. TOWNSEND, of the Ohio State university, at Columbus, O.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 11.—W. G. Cochran was elected speaker of the house in ratification of the action of the Republican caucus, receiving 87 votes to 85 for Clayton E. Crafts, the Democratic nominee, who failed to get the full Democratic vote—being 26 short—it is said because of Governor Altgeld's opposition to nominating anybody. No business of importance was transacted other than the above. In the senate bills were introduced: To amend the act regarding the assessment, levy and collection of taxes; to arbitrate labor disputes and to amend the appellate court act.

SPRINGFIELD, July 12.—In pursuance of an agreement of the Republicans of both houses to do no business before next Wednesday the senate did nothing of importance at its session and adjourned to Saturday afternoon, which is practically adjournment to Wednesday. In the house bills were introduced: Taxing express companies $5 on each $100 of receipts, telephone companies $3 on each instrument, and insurance companies 2 per cent. on gross amount of premium on business done in this state; compelling public warehouses to pay an annual license of $5 and a tax of one-third of a cent for every bushel of grain handled; resolution looking to the abolition of the fee system in public offices, and a labor arbitration bill. Some more revenue code bills were also introduced.

Altgeld's interview about Crafts created much comment. The governor's friends declare that he will not swerve from his purpose to have Crafts deposed as leader in the house; whereas Crafts' friends say he will use every means in his power to defeat the governor's plan. They say the governor is interfering with rights of the house. Snyder, of Belleville, one of Crafts' opponents, denied in an interview that Governor Altgeld was responsible for the action of some of the Democrats who refused to vote for Crafts. He said the action was the result of a consultation between himself and Perry; that they agreed upon Stockopf as their candidate before the caucus, and sounded such representatives as they believed to be in their way of thinking. They did call upon the governor for advice Tuesday afternoon, and "that's all there was to it."

The committee on rules met in Speaker Cochran's room at once after the house adjourned. Several important changes were made, one of which will prevent "smothering" of bills in sub-committees.

SPRINGFIELD, July 13.—The house held another session before adjourning to Wednesday next, and bills were introduced: To establish justice by deciding all cases on their merits without regard to technicalities, and to enlarge and define the powers of courts and justices of the peace; to tax express companies; to require assessors to give bonds; to tax "foreign" companies operating sleeping and freight car and oil tank lines; to compel the Illinois Central railroad to comply with the act of incorporation regarding the sale of lands.

SPRINGFIELD, July 14.—The house was in session but a few minutes last evening. There was no quorum present. A number of bills were introduced.

GOV. ALTGELD A GOOD HORSEMAN.

Tries an Agile Trick with a Rearing Animal and "Gets There."

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 12.—Governor Altgeld had a narrow escape from death or serious injury yesterday. He had just mounted a spirited horse preparatory to going to Camp Lincoln to review the Second regiment when the animal began to rear in a dangerous manner. The governor threw spurs into the animal with considerable vigor, and it reared up to such height that it lost its balance and fell over backwards.

The governor, who is an expert horseman, slipped out of the saddle and sprang to one side just in time to avoid being crushed. A cavalry troop was waiting to escort him to the camp, and several of the men started to his assistance, but the governor declined to take any other horse and regaining his seat when the horse was captured subdued it after a severe struggle and proceeded to camp.

Representative Remann Is Dead.

VANDALIA, Ills., July 13.—Representative Remann, after a lingering illness, died yesterday morning at 3:45 o'clock. He suffered a relapse Friday evening, and from that time grew gradually worse. He had been unconscious twelve hours before death took place.

Notes of the State.

M. J. Berry, alias M. J. Ryan, alias E. B. Berry, was arrested at Springfield, Ills., charged with uttering forged checks. He is wanted in Christian county.

George Handley, a convicted wife-beater, while being taken to jail on a train, jumped out of a window at Oliver, Ills., but the officer jumped, too, and recaptured him.

The Ramsey (Ills.) Coal company has shut down on account of water in the mine.

There was only one member in the Illinois senate chamber when it was to have met Saturday morning for the purpose of adjourning to Wednesday. He adjourned. He was Senator Littler.

The Illinois T. P. A. will arrange with hospitals throughout the state for the care of injured or sick members.

Galena, Ills., talks of impeaching their mayor because his electric light plant has a contract with the town.

STANLEY ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT.

Burns Also Successful, While Keir Hardie Is Defeated.

LONDON, July 16.—The total results of the parliamentary elections for which returns have been made are as follows: Conservatives, 181; Liberal Unionists, 71; Liberals, 23; Parnellites, 4; Labor, 1—total, 304. As compared with the parliament which has just been dissolved, twenty-four seats thus returned show gains for the Unionists and five are gains for the Liberals.

Two of the men best known in America, whose success has been announced, are Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who made one unsuccessful campaign for parliament, and John Burns, the labor leader, who visited the United States last winter. Another labor leader, J. Kier Hardie, who has been noted for his eccentric attire and manners in the house, lost his seat.

ATROCIOUS HOLMES.

Two More of the Villain's Victims Found Buried in a Cellar.

DETROIT, July 16.—A special to The News from Toronto, Ont., says: Found buried in the cellar of house No. 16, St. Vincent street, yesterday afternoon, were the bodies of Alice and Nellie, the two missing daughters of Benjamin F. Pitzel. Detectives Cuddy, of Toronto, and Geyer, of Philadelphia, made the discovery, and all doubts as to their fate have been set at rest. It is now a matter almost beyond doubt that H. H. Holmes, when he was here last October, deliberately murdered the pair and thus rid himself of two troublesome young beings after he had murdered their father in Philadelphia. The inquiries begun by the police led to the knowledge that Holmes and the children lived at the house in question, and a search was made by the two officers.

A photograph of Holmes was shown to Frank N. Nadel, of the educational department, who owns No. 16, and without any hesitation he identified it as that of his tenant. When they reached the cellar it appeared to the detectives that something had disturbed the cellar floor, and arming themselves with shovels they began to dig. A short distance below the surface they came across the arm and a portion of the head of one of the little murdered girls. Further work soon revealed the entire body, not only of the first, but of her sister. They were both naked, and had lain there in all probability since last October. The last trace the officers had of the children was at Detroit. They were taken there from Chicago, where they had been attending school. They boarded on Congress street, west, one week in October, 1894.

Holmes secured possession of Alice, aged 12, first taking her to Philadelphia to identify her father's body. Then he went to St. Louis and told the mother that he would put Howard and Nellie in a good school in Indianapolis. This was on Sept. 26, 1894. Mrs. Pitzel received two letters from Holmes in Indianapolis, and acting on his advice she went to her parents' home in Illinois. Becoming worried about the children, she went to Chicago, where she received word from Holmes to go to Detroit. She met him in that city and demanded the children, but was induced to go with him to Toronto and then to Burlington, Vt. So far as known the boy was never seen in Detroit.

There were no traces of violence on the bodies and it is thought Holmes decoyed the children into a trunk under some pretext and took them to the house. Then gas was inserted by means of a tube through a small hole. The trunk with a hole in it, neatly covered over with a strap tacked down, was found in one of Holmes' rooms. No trace of the boy Howard, a lad of 8, has been found, but he is thought to be dead.

SEVEN MEN LOST THEIR LIVES.

Caught in the Fire That Destroyed Case's Livery Stable at Detroit.

DETROIT, July 11.—The fire that destroyed Case's livery stable, 41 West Congress street, caught five men in its terrible embrace, and when their bodies were found in the ruins they were horribly burned and charred—almost past identification. One other person is yet missing, and will possible make the sixth victim.

The five known victims are: John Shaw, driver; John Bowman, second cook, formerly of Bay City; Thomas Webb, painter, London, Ont.; James R. Shaw, harness; Charles Davis, barn man. The missing man, Edward Hughes, a hostler, is known to have been in the building when the fire started, and has not since been seen. There were about eighty horses stabled in the basement, all of which were gotten out, with the exception of Q. A. Graves' Ethel G., valued at $1,000, and one of less value.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 15.

Money on call easy at 1@1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.86@4.86¼ for demand and $4.84@4.84½ for sixty days; posted rates $4.86@4.87 and $4.88@4.88½; commercial bills $4.83@4.83¾.

Silver certificates 67@67½; no sales; bar silver, 67. Mexican dollars, 52½.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., ex-int., 124 bid; do coupons, ex-int., 126; 6's reg., ex-int., 115½; 5 coupons, ex-int., 113½; 4's reg., 113; 4's coupons, ex-int., 113½; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 65½c, closed 63½c; September, opened 67c, closed 67½c; December, opened 69½c, closed 70½c. Corn—July nominal, closed 53½c; September, opened 53½c, closed 53½c; December, opened 34½c, closed 35½c; May, opened 38½c, closed 38½c. Oats—July, nominal, closed 23½c. August, nominal, closed 22½c; September, opened 22½c, closed 23½c; May, opened 28½c, closed 28½c. Pork—July, nominal, closed $10.82½. Lard—July, nominal; closed, $6.37½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 16½c per lb; extra dairy, 13@14c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 10@11c per lb; hens, 6c; roosters, 3@4½c; turkeys, 7@8½c; ducks, 6c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, 60@65c per bu. Blackberries, Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per 24-qt case; raspberries, black, $1.00@1.25 per 24-qt case; red, $1.00@1.50 per 24-qt case. New apples—$1.25@2.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 14@15c; dark comb, poor packages, 6c; strained California, 4@5c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 15.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 21,000; sales ranged at $4.70@4.85 pigs, $4.85@4.95 lights, $4.80@4.90 rough packing, $4.85@4.95 mixed, and $4.90@5.05 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $5.40@6.00 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.25 good to choice do, $4.15@4.75 fair to good, $3.80@4.65 common to medium do, $3.00@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.10 stockers, $2.20@4.00 feeders, $1.70@3.10 cows, $2.00@4.00 heifers, $3.25@4.80 bulls, $2.60@4.45 Texas steers, $3.50@4.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; sales ranged at $3.50@5.00 westerns, $3.00@4.45 Texans, $4.75@5.50 natives, and $6.10@6.75 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, July 13.

Wheat—Cash, 64½c; July, 60½c bid, 60½c asked; August, 63½c nominal; September, 60½c bid; December, 69½c bid. Corn—Cash, 41½c; July, 41c asked; September, 37½c bid; December, 41½c; May, 39½c bid. Oats—Cash, 24½c bid; July, 23c bid; August, 23c asked; September, 20½c; May, 28c bid.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, July 13.

Wheat—Cash and July, 70½c; August, 64½c bid; September, 70c; December, 75½c. No. 2 oats, 24½c. Corn—Cash, 42½c bid; No. 2 yellow, 42½c bid. Oats—September, 20c bid.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 10.

Dr. J. P. Cowan, ex-member of congress from the Fourteenth Ohio district and member of the Ohio legislature in 1855, died at Ashland, aged 72.

Suicides: Abner Gundrum, Columbus, Ind.; Henry Reuss, Mascoutah, Ill.; Jasper Moore, Fontanelle, Ia.; Charles Crabb, Walesboro, Ind.; William Altenberg, Brooklyn; Miss Darnell, aged 15, Villisca, Ia.; George Vail, Cincinnati.

Duluth police want Fred Sheland, who caused Peter Gardner's death by a blow on the neck.

Damage to the asylum for the insane at Norman, Okla., caused a panic which frightened some of the convalescents back into lunacy.

John H. Thomas, Republican, was elected mayor of Annapolis, Md. Five of the eight aldermen elected are Democrats.

Spain has sent $500,000 to Havana to meet current expenses of the Cuban war.

Jose Acosva, a Cuban leader, was killed by a civil guard on a sugar estate.

George Pearson, of Tiffin, O., left all his property to the local A. P. A.

Thursday, July 11.

Professor C. E. Morrow, of the university of Illinois, has been elected president of the Agricultural college at Stillwater, O. T.

The state of Washington has armed and equipped a company of Coeur d'Alene miners for service in case of strikes.

Rose Pyle, of Columbus, O., whipped a constable who essayed to levy on her wheel. Miss Pyle wears bloomers.

Half a million pounds of wool sold at Great Falls, Mont., at 14 cents, a rise of 2 cents over last year's prices.

J. K. Vardaman, free silver candidate for governor of Mississippi, has withdrawn from the race.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company this year will spend in the neighborhood of $8,000,000 in the way of improvements, alterations and extensions to its property east and west of Pittsburg.

Just thirteen young people went out for a sail at Wauchapreague, Va., and but seven got back alive, the following having been drowned by the capsizing of the yacht: Janie Scott, Helen Brookover, Lillian Gregory, Maggie Buskon, Juanita Burnett and John Tait.

Friday, July 12.

Allen Pettibone, of Gandy, Conn., father of the Millerites, has committed suicide. Ill health was the cause.

Bolivia has sent an ultimatum to Peru demanding that the latter government salute the Bolivian flag. Peru declines to do so.

Lytton Taylor, United States attorney for Alaska, has resigned to go into the mining business.

Light frosts are reported in Nebraska, South Dakota and northwest Iowa.

The National Window Glass Workers' association has about $240,000 in its treasury.

Mrs. Coleman Drayton has sailed for Europe, and it is said she is to become reconciled to her husband.

General Alger pronounces St. Gaudens's statue of General Logan spirited and lifelike. The work of art, which is to stand in Chicago, will be finished in a year.

Saturday, July 13.

Ex-Senator Sanders, of Montana, says there is nothing in the boom of Don Cameron for the presidential nomination. It has fallen flat.

Because he thinks soft beds unhealthy, Professor Henry Krause, of Oakland, Cala., sleeps in a coffin.

Friends of the family say that reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Drayton is impossible.

Albert T. Moore, the New York forger of notes aggregating $70,000, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Fire which caused a loss of $25,000 at Williams, A. T., brought on a riot in which a Mexican was killed. Roughs who began looting the place were put in jail.

Manuel Sanguilly, newly elected president of the Cuban insurgent government, will soon take personal command in Cuba.

Sam Hustop, a Birmingham (Ala.) saloonkeeper, formerly of Chicago, and Nat Stanley, a gambler, shot eight times at each other in the street. Stanley was wounded in the leg and a bystander shot in the thigh.

Monday, July 15.

The comptroller of the currency has granted authority for the organization of the State National bank, of Miles City, Mont.

General Drake, the Republican nominee for governor of Iowa, was enthusiastically received on his return home to Centerville.

An Indian celebration held ten miles west of Decatur, Neb., has already cost seven lives, mostly by violence.

C. B. Henderson, a Rochester, N. Y., commercial traveler, got into a row at San Francisco over who should pay for the drinks and fatally stabbed Clarence Barr, a Chinatown guide.

Frank Schaeffer, of Bellevue, O., has sued the Nickel Plate railway for $5,000 damages for blacklisting him.

The Michigan naval reserve has gone on an eight days' cruise on the U. S. S. Michigan.

The skeletons of three men and a boy have been dug up at Wankomis, O. T., probably the remains of the brothers Fowler and the 14-year-old son of one of them, murdered in 1871.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and to make an appetite nothing equals Hood's Sarsaparilla. "For over 5 years I had dyspepsia, had no appetite and what I did eat was with no relish. I had headaches 3 or 4 days a week, and an awful tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured all my ills. I rest well, have a hearty appetite."

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LOOK UP.

What's the use of doubtin'?
What's the good of fears?
What's the good of cryin'
What's the good of tears?

What's the good of sunshine
Ef yer goin to mope
In the shade and lose the
Sheer you've got in hope?
—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOST JEWELS.

Ting! Ting! Ting!

The electric bell over Detective Martinot's desk told him he was wanted in the office of the chief of the secret service. Opening a large glass door he stood before his superior. The latter motioned him to a chair. "Tell me," he said, "if you have been reading the newspapers and are posted upon the Niantic disaster."

"The Niantic," said Mr. Martinot, running the case over in his mind and speaking in the bright, quick way which so pleased the chief, "was an apartment house, an old fashioned, aristocratic structure, facing Washington square. At midnight, a month ago, it burned to the ground with great loss of life. The fire is supposed to have originated in an explosion in an upper story, caused in some mysterious way by the gas with which most of the tenants heated their rooms."

"Good," said the chief. "Now I have only to tell you wherein this fire concerns us. There visited here today Henry Williams, the famous diamond collector, whose apartments were in the Niantic, and he tells me that on the night of the fire he was robbed of his fortune in jewels, $250,000 being stolen."

"And you wish me"—

"To talk with Henry Williams, get the points of the robbery and recover the missing gems for him. And—I would suggest that in tracing the robbery you may find that the Niantic was set on fire. This involves a case of manslaughter, as lives were lost. In short, it will be the biggest case of the year. And I have in my hand a letter from the Empire Fire Insurance offering $10,000 reward for the discovery of the origin of the fire."

"When do I begin?"

"Right away. You will find Henry Williams in the reception room."

Detective Martinot bowed in his usual quiet manner and stepped across the hall to where Collector Williams sat, nervously waiting to tell his story.

"Before you begin," said Mr. Martinot, "tell me why you have waited a month before coming here."

"I have been expecting to find the jewels in the ruins of the building, especially as I have offered immense rewards to the workmen."

"And when did the idea of their being stolen enter your mind?"

"I had a suspicion the night of the fire. But it was too vague to put in words. You must have read that I was the first to give the alarm and the last to leave the building. The fact is that I was awakened that night by a sound in my rooms. And, always on the alert for my jewels, I arose, and, lighting a taper, I stepped out into my private hallway to go to the front room where the jewels were hidden in a safe in the wall. As I did so I heard a swift sound, as though some one was running. It was the merest movement, but it alarmed me, and, fearing to make a mark of myself, I blew out the taper and picked up my revolver. An uncanny something seemed to rush past me; but, recovering myself, I flew after it to my hall door. It was closed; and all was still again. 'It's my imagination,' I said to myself. But I went into the front room to look after the jewels.

"I was about to put my hand in the safe, which was behind the picture, when I was startled by a terrific explosion, which seemed to blow the roof off the house. I rushed back along my hallway and threw open the door. The big hall was filling with smoke, and, with a sudden fear for the people in the house, I ran along, knocking on all the doors and calling on everybody to awaken.

"Then, flying back to my rooms, I slipped on some clothing, put my watch and money in my pocket, and ran to my front room for my jewel casket. I put my hand in the safe in the wall, but the casket was not there! Across the room was another and similar safe, and, hurrying across, I was about to move the picture from in front of it when a fireman rushed in, shouting: 'Run for your life. The main staircase is on fire!' I would have waited even then, but he seized me by the shoulders and forced me to the iron fire escape, which was already hot with the tongues of flame.

"Even then I did not forget the jewels. But, knowing they were in the solid iron casket, I reasoned that they would fall through into the ruins, and that I should recover the box entire. Even if its fastenings melted away there were steel drawers, absolutely fireproof.

"I did not leave the scene, and with this idea in my mind I have haunted the ruins night and day. And now the fact of not finding them, taken with the recollections of that night, convinces me that they were stolen from me before the fire. And there is something else.

"That same night my old housekeeper, who occupies a room on the floor above me, slept very uneasily. Finally she rose, seeing a light burning in the front apartment, where she was sure she had left none, and was about to investigate it when—when the explosion occurred. It was so near her that she was overcome with smoke and escaped with difficulty, flame seeming to be all around her.

"And still more singular. Yesterday Sarah bobbled out for the first time and naturally turned her steps toward her burned home, where they are still busy with the ruins, and while she stood there a plainly dressed woman came along, wearing on her hand a brilliant marquise ring, one which Sarah thought she recognized as one of my collection."

"Would you recognize your jewels," asked Mr. Martinot, "if they had been taken from their settings?"

"As quickly as I would my own fingers," stretching out the long slender hand of a student. "And I will give you my gem catalogue, with each described in it. And upon all," making a very tiny mark, "there is this sign, easily seen with a pocket microscope—my own particular trademark."

"There is one thing certain," he mused as he put on his hat and coat. "Henry Williams was robbed of those jewels and before the fire. So the Niantic was probably set on fire by some one—the one who took the jewels. But it looks a little dark now. The crime was at night. It wasn't the old servant. Women do not work at night. Yet the step was a light one. It was a gentleman, then, with whom we have to deal, not a hard footed servant. And when he slipped out so lightly he had that casket with him, hiding it under his coat, of course. That iron casket was heavy and conspicuous, and the first idea was to get rid of it. To do this he must take it to a safe place, break it open and get the jewels out. The Niantic was opposite the park, so of course he would carry the casket over there, and after putting the jewels in his pocket throw the case in the shrubbery. It was found next morning and ought now to be in the recovered articles department."

This line of reasoning so impressed Detective Martinot that he hurried away to the park. Sure enough, the casket had been found, supposed to be dropped by some one running from the burning building. It was empty.

"I declare, it is heavy," observed Mr. Martinot, lifting it. "I wonder that the thief took the trouble to carry it out of the building. Why did he not throw it into the flames or drop it in the hall? It would never have been noticed in the confusion. No wonder that in the hurry of emptying it he dropped a ring—the ring old Sarah saw on the girl's hand. I must visit the pawnshops to see if he has sold the rest of them yet."

When Moses Mendle saw Detective Martinot enter, he was not pleased. "Nothing in your line," he called out before the door closed.

"Come, come, Moses, I've an inducement for you," said Mr. Martinot, taking out a roll of bills. "The fact is some very valuable pieces of jewelry have been taken—special pets of the owner—and if you know where they are or can get them I'll pay the pledged price and a nice bonus, providing you tell me the name of the person who brought them here."

Martinot's description and the sight of the money tempted Moses.

"Come to think of it," he said, "a man did leave some very good rings," pulling out a package with three glistening beauties inside, so brilliant that Mr. Martinot could not repress an exclamation of pleasure, "but I can't give his name."

Reluctantly, but with his eyes upon the greenbacks, Moses finally wrote down a name. Mr. Martinot looked at it and whistled.

"Now, what in the world," thought he as he walked away with the rings in his coat pocket, "can Connor, the green goods king, mean by stealing the Williams diamonds?"

In the office of the secret service there is a great volume of personals, and in this Mr. Martinot read: "Connor, George; born in Connecticut; horseman, bookmaker, reputed wealthy; in green goods transactions; fine looking." Then followed a line a few days old: "Implicated in green goods work; sent to Sing Sing for a year."

"Ah, so he may have been in town recently. And now he must tell me the story of those rings." An upward bound train found Detective Martinot on his way to Sing Sing. "I want to see Connor," he said to the warden.

Showing his secret service badge to the green goods king, he said abruptly: "I've come to see you about those rings you pawned with Mendle. I mean these. They were stolen property, and I confiscated them, you see."

"My dear officer," said Connor, glancing carelessly, though Mr. Martinot thought uneasily, at the rings, "you are mistaken, and so is Mendle if he says I pawned them. I never saw them before in my life."

"Better think a minute," cautioned Mr. Martinot. "They are part of the Williams collection stolen from the Niantic the night she burned, but you know more about it than I. Anything more to say?"

Connor shook his head.

"Good day. Oh, something else! Here's a letter I brought up for you from your hotel. It's from a lady, postmarked New Haven. Scented. She couldn't have known you were here when she wrote. Look! Mr. Jack Connor. A friend probably. I'm going up there today. Any word?"

"Only that it's fortunate for you I'm behind these bars."

"Capital!" soliloquized Mr. Martinot on the train. "He holds his tongue because this woman's in the scrape. I'll have to put a little personal in tomorrow's Planet from her. Then I'll come up and see Connor again."

Next morning, when Mr. Martinot visited Sing Sing, George Connor was reading this personal: "Jack—Tell all. Give up jewels. New Haven."

"Your ruse is admirable," said Connor with a smile, but nevertheless ill at ease. "Unfortunately I have nothing to tell you."

Mr. Martinot went back to the city. "I was way off the truth," said he, "or Connor would have been deceived. He hasn't the jewels. The woman has them. Fortunately I know she is in New Haven, and still more fortunately that Connor isn't allowed to write to his friends for three days yet. The warden says the letter writing takes place then. I must go to New Haven, and if I can't locate a young, pretty woman—she is young and pretty—in three days I'd better resign my position in the service. I'll put up at the best hotel and go everywhere."

"Anything going on tonight," asked Martinot of the hotel clerk in New Haven, "besides the ball in the hall? No? Then I'll trouble you to send for tickets for me. And, by the way, I shall want a dress suit. Traveling for pleasure, I left mine home."

An hour later, snugly located in the gallery of the palm decked hall, the detective watched and waited, enjoying the brilliant scene about him and almost forgetting the object of his unusual dissipation. Of a sudden there was a hush. A woman was entering the room, and leaning forward like the rest he caught full sight of the object of so much attention as she passed under the palms surrounded by a court of students. From head to foot she glistened with diamonds and jewels of all sorts.

"Who is that young woman?" he asked a man near him.

"That is Marie Newcastle."

"And who is Marie Newcastle?"

"Oh," laughed the man, "you must be a stranger here. Miss Newcastle is a young actress whose parents live here, where she spends her vacations. From a simple village girl she has grown to be the queen of the college boys and the leader among the livelier set of the town. She is frowned upon and petted, but that she is enjoying her youthful reign you will acknowledge when you see her drive down Hillsboro avenue tomorrow afternoon behind her white ponies with a college boy at her side dividing honors with a snow white bulldog. Oh, Marie Newcastle is a college queen."

With misgivings next morning Mr. Martinot betook himself to the lively though simply appointed cottage of Miss Newcastle's parents. "She has the jewels. That is enough for me," he said as he waited interminably for that young lady to appear after her dissipation of the night before.

When Miss Newcastle did appear, it was with a hastily donned gown twisted about her in æsthetic fashion, simulating the coils of a serpent. Its delicate green beautifully set off her blond complexion, but the ornament at the neck caught Mr. Martinot's instant attention. This was a frog of the most brilliant emeralds, with a diamond stripe running down its back, while its legs of gold filigree terminated in two enormous pearls. Something in Mr. Martinot's face frightened Miss Newcastle, for she stepped to the portieres and closed them.

"I am sorry," said he, "to be abrupt with you, but I must ask you for those jewels—that frog and the others. They are stolen property, as you know, but if you give them up at once perhaps"—

Miss Newcastle smiled, showing a set of very pretty white teeth. "You are mistaken," she said, "for they are not stolen, and if you will allow me to write a note and send it away by a messenger I shall soon receive an answer that will convince you."

Miss Newcastle seated herself at a dainty desk and dashed off a note upon the same paper and in the same hand which Mr. Martinot remembered.

"Now," she said, "I will wait upstairs until the answer comes, but you may keep this if you like," tossing the frog into his hands.

No sooner had the portieres closed than Mr. Martinot stepped to the desk, and picking up the blotter held it in front of the overhanging mirror. The words were blurred, but discernible: "Come. Trouble. Jewels you gave me." The address was plain.

Rushing out, Mr. Martinot hailed a cab. "Drive to 998 Chapel street," he ordered "and $5 if you beat a messenger with five minutes the start."

As the cab drew up to the door a young man disappeared inside. "That is the man I want—the young man who hides when he sees a stranger."

Up stairs in his room, where the detective ran two steps at a time to catch him, crouched the young man, deadly pale and trembling from head to foot. "I will confess all—all," he gasped as the frog was flashed before his eyes, telling him that his game was up, "all—all, if only you will not let—let him know.

"I was in debt, horribly in debt. I owed for everything and could not get a cent at home, though God knows I tried hard. And then when I was being posted at my clubs I thought suddenly of—of father's jewels, that he has collected for a lifetime, and one of which would mean so much for me. I intended to slip into the upper apartment and take only one, but I could not find the casket. I had been drinking to nerve myself, and I turned on the keys one after another, trying to light the gas.

"Then I went down stairs to look in father's rooms, and I awakened him getting the casket out."

"And the fire?"

The boy's face grew so ashen that Mr. Martinot stopped him, thinking he would faint.

"O God! O God!" he moaned. "How can I hope to be forgiven! The sound of that awful explosion rings in my ears night and day. I have hated those awful jewels. I gave Marie most of them. She sent some to a friend to sell for her. There were so many. But I could not touch one. They were blood covered."

The young man's sobs shook the table upon which he had buried his head.

"The little flame of gas must have exploded near those open torches, father's great antique lights. And the people who died! O my God! I heard them shriek!"

There was a gasping, gurgling sound. Harry Williams was choking, but as he was lifted to the window a queer, weird laugh broke from his lips, and his eyes shone like a madman's.

"Red as hell!" he shouted. "Beautiful!"

The case was never brought to trial, for Harry Williams did not regain his reason, and today his father is a broken hearted old man in spite of the recovery of nearly all the precious gems.—Augusta Prescott in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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EYEGLASSES FOR NEW YORKERS.

The Costly Oculist, Cheaper Optician and Cheapest Corner Stand.

Opticians crowd this town almost as they crowd Boston. You may count six or eight in two blocks of East Twenty-third street, and there are scores up and down Broadway, while dry goods shops and corner stands sell eyeglasses to those that will buy. It costs from 75 cents to nearly as many dollars to be fitted with a first pair of eyeglasses. Those that go to the oculist for a prescription as preliminary to putting on glasses must pay him from $10 to $25, or if the eyes need treatment from $25 to $100, according to the nature and length of the treatment and the accustomed charges of the oculist.

When the patient is ready to buy his glasses, he takes the prescription of the oculist to an optician and orders them. Being made to order especially for the patient, they may cost anywhere from $2.50 to $15. Persons with complicated disorders of the eye really wear from two to five pairs of glasses in one. Some prescriptions call for two separate pairs, and no prudent man is content to have only one pair of glasses by him, since the loss of his single pair may mean the loss of a day's work or considerable injury to the eyes.

The most careful opticians refuse to examine the eyes of persons that come after eyeglasses, perhaps because the oculists do not send patients with prescriptions to opticians that undertake to perform the work of the oculist. The most expensive way to purchase glasses is through the oculist and the optician. Some very careful persons always visit an oculist before making a change in the power of their glasses. Others simply go on increasing the strength as need seems to direct. It is a good deal cheaper to buy of the oculist-optician, and some persons believe it to be quite as safe as the more expensive method. It is entirely probable that for ordinary conditions of the eye the oculist-optician serves well enough. Most persons that do not guess at their own needs in the matter of glasses either go to an oculist-optician and have him fit them out at from $2.50 to $15 or consult a friend. This last is the cheapest method, and it is a favorite one with thousands. The friend, who wears glasses, learns that the other is having some difficulty of sight and offers his own glasses on trial. If they seem to serve the need, the borrower goes to an optician or some other dealer in eyeglasses and gets a like pair. He thus saves the fee of the oculist or that of the oculist-optician.

Many persons buy eyeglasses of the dry goods shops. They sell them at from 50 cents to $1, and they look just like those that the opticians sell for $2.50. They are perhaps as safe for those whose affections of the eyes are not complicated, but they do not last so long as those of the opticians. They break at the delicate joints. The frames, if they have any, are brittle, and the tiny screws are weak or are put in so badly that they crack the lenses. The dry goods shops, however, cannot compete with the corner stands for the trade of a great many persons. There are plenty of old fellows that have been buying their glasses for almost nothing at corner stands any time these 40 years. They never spent a penny on oculists, and they despise opticians. The fact is that science of the eye has grown up since they began to use glasses, and having started without its aid they keep on in like fashion. It is only because they are not troubled with complicated affections of the eyes that they are able to preserve their sight in defiance of the modern specialist.—New York Sun.

Whittier's Patriotic Poems.

During these years of the antislavery struggle not only was Whittier's reputation as a poet growing steadily, but the people of the north and of the west were as steadily coming over to his side. Of course we cannot exactly measure the influence of a poem or song, but it may be almost irresistible. He was a wise man who was willing to let others make the laws of a people if only he could write their songs. Law is but the expression of public opinion, and when the ringing stanzas of the antislavery bards and the stirring speeches of the antislavery orators had awakened the conscience of the free states the end of the evil was nigh. Slavery made a hard fight for its life, but it was slavery that Whittier hated, and not the southern slave owners, and there is no bitterness or rancor in the poems published in 1863 and called "In War Time." And of these ballads of the battle years the best and the best beloved is "Barbara Freitchie," which was rather a tribute to the old flag than an attack upon those who were then in arms against it.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

Queer Cure For Toothache.

In Staffordshire and Shropshire, England, they have a most extraordinary cure for toothache. The sufferer watches a mole's runway with spade and traps, and as soon as he succeeds in capturing one of these reputed eyeless little animals cuts off its paw and quickly applies it to the aching molar. In order to make the cure sure and effective, the paw must be amputated while the mole is yet alive. Furthermore, if the aching tooth is on the right side of the jaw, a left hand mole paw must be used, and vice versa. A similar toothache superstition exists in the Cape Verde islands and also on the Canaries.—St. Louis Republic.

Sold.

A wag went to one of the stations of the Metropolitan railway one evening and finding the best seats all taken opened the door of a carriage and said:

"Why, this train isn't going."

A general stampede ensued, and the wag took the coveted seat in the corner.

In the midst of the general indignation he was asked:

"Why did you say the train wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."—London Tit-Bits.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, JULY 20, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New South."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Merry World."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE VATICAN'S LATEST BAN.

By instructions from Mgr. Satolli, apostolic delegate to America, the decree of the Vatican requiring the abandonment by Catholics of the secret social-benevolent organizations, known as the Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows and the Sons of Temperance, was read from nearly all the pulpits in this archdiocese and also in many other dioceses in the United States last Sunday. The churches in which, for some good cause, no doubt, it was not read last Sunday will supply the omission on the coming Lord's day. In brief terms, Catholics who now belong to the societies mentioned must withdraw from them or from the church, unless in cases where pecuniary loss may be involved and members are prevented by age from joining other benevolent insurance societies. In such cases an appeal can be made to the archbishop or bishop, who will judge each case on its merits. All Catholics who have not these reasons for appeal, or who may, notwithstanding the decree, hereafter join the prohibited organizations will be refused the sacraments until they obey the papal mandate.

It is no secret whatever that many of the American Catholic prelates and priests do not heartily approve of this decree of prohibition, but, of course, they have to yield implicit obedience to the higher power, and for this no reasonable American citizen, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, can blame them.

THE CITIZEN, being a secular paper, can discuss the question without prejudice or offense. It seems to us that the prohibition should have been made at the outset, when Catholics began to join the societies, and asked the advice of their spiritual guides, who then saw no objection to their becoming affiliated. It was then known that the societies now condemned had a ritual, as, indeed, have all others of the same character. As their membership is made up of men of all creeds, it cannot be reasonably expected that they would be willing to submit their ritual—perfectly innocuous in character as we have reason to believe—to the inspection of the clergy of a particular church. This is a very natural objection, and by no means indicative of a dark conspiracy against the Catholic or any other religion. We know many Protestant as well as Catholic and Jewish members of the Knights of Pythias and kindred orders, and they are among the most liberal, brotherly and progressive of the American people—men who revere God and love their neighbor as themselves. We know Catholics who have belonged to the Knights for a quarter of a century, and we venture to say that if the church were assailed today, or anyday, they would be among its most resolute defenders. Why, then, should they be dealt with in a manner at once harsh and suspicious?

The great trouble is that his Holiness and the Sacred College, having in memory the injury suffered by the church in Italy through the machinations of secret societies, regard all such societies, wherever organized, as likewise inimical to the Catholic religion. No Catholic doubts, or questions, the good intention of the Holy See in the matter, but men of liberal minds, who are also Catholics, and who are citizens of the United States, cannot help but lament that a barrier has been raised between them and their Protestant and Jewish brethren by this last proceeding on the part of the Vatican. This policy leads simply to that consummation most to be dreaded in this country particularly—social sectarianism. Religion is all right within the churches, and in church societies, but woe to the nation that raises, or permits to be raised, a social or political barrier between citizens of various creeds. In the words of the illustrious Protestant patriot Henry Grattan, the champion of the persecuted Irish Catholics, it will "bequeath to posterity insignificance and war."

Besides, where is this proscription to end? It began with the Masonic Order; now it has fallen on the Pythians, the Odd Fellows and the Sons of Temperance. Tomorrow, it may fall on the National Union, the Royal League, the Royal Arcanum, Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Independent Order of Foresters, etc., to which thousands of poor Catholics, unable to pay the heavy rates of life insurance in the regular companies, belong. Must they, because of the Roman habit of looking at American conditions through Italian spectacles, be finally compelled to choose between the possible beggary of their wives and children, if they should die and leave them unprovided for, and allegiance to the church which they have been told is not a stepmother? Christ, who founded the Catholic church, was charity itself. We cannot believe that His Viceregent on earth would reduce faithful Catholics, who love their families, to an alternative which, in a mental sense, would be a hellish torment. As between a vision of the county-house for widow and orphans on the one side, and sulphuric torments for his soul on the other, there would be no need for a dying man to meet Satan face to face to realize what the Plutonic terrors are.

It is well, indeed, that some discretion is left by the decree with the wise prelates of the Catholic church in the United States, and we have full faith that they will judge leniently where conditions are such as to justify clemency. We have no desire to preach either disrespect to, or rebellion against, the decrees of the illustrious head of the church of our fathers and our own, however otherwise unworthy we may be; but we feel it to be a duty to express plainly our opinion that such stringency of action as has recently been displayed by the Vatican will not tend toward the advancement of the Catholic cause in the United States. It will raise up against that cause a multitude of new enemies, who will, and with apparent justice, charge Catholics with being exclusive and intolerant. We have enough of a burden, as Catholics, to carry in this country at present, without having an additional weight loaded on our shoulders. Under such a policy, in what would we be, as regards American liberality, superior to the Protestant bigots that from pulpit, platform and sanctum we constantly condemn?

If the Catholic church, the Rock of Ages, with which Christ promised to remain even to the consummation of the world, cannot stand social contact with the members of other churches, and is afraid of a secular ritual, in which God is not denied, then the faith must, indeed, be planted in a stony soil, in which it is but lightly and vainly rooted. Our belief always has been that the social intercourse of Catholics with Protestants and Jews insensibly, yet surely, tends to liberalize the non-Catholics. No Catholic of our acquaintance ever lost the faith by such contact. We have known non-believers who became Catholics through association with members of the Catholic church.

Impatient zealots may exclaim, "Oh, let those who do not wish to obey quit the church! The Catholic church can get along without them!" That is not the question. The question is whether they can get along without the Catholic church, and whether it is well to pit unnecessarily their affections and their necessities against their faith. The Savior said not so when he spoke the splendid parable of the Ninety and Nine. Ireland's noblest poet said not so when he wrote:

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneels not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
Oh, perish the hearts, or the laws, that would try
Truth, manhood and love by a standard like this!

COUNTY MAYO AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Why should people ever leave the County Mayo? It is the salubrious garden spot of Ireland, as every Burke and O'Malley in the United States can tell you. There rise the Reek and Nephin, as the eyes of St. Patrick beheld them. There flows the lovely river Moy, and in the blue ether of the charming Irish summer day the skylark soars and sings. Most Mayo people leave Ireland, we are told, because they fear if they didn't they might live forever! Trash! somebody will exclaim, but here is an item from the *Mayo News*, of recent date, which bears out the statement:

"A man of the farming class named Patrick Collins, residing in the mountains of Knockenare, died recently at the age of 150 years. He was tending cattle, and in full possession of his faculties up to the day before his death. The people who live on these mountains have always been remarkable for their longevity, several having gone well beyond the century."

Now there ought to be a rush from America to the mountains of Knockenare of all those who wish to double the biblical period of existence. Either that or shiploads of Mayo soil ought to be imported to this country so that the lives of the hard working inhabitants may be prolonged.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

On and after Saturday, July 20, 1895, the price of THE CITIZEN will be reduced to the uniform rate of $2 per year, no club rates being hereafter allowed. This is done to suit the necessities of the times, and to meet the growing demand for cheaper literature. All subscribers in arrears who settle their indebtedness on or before Aug. 17, will be dealt with on this new basis. Those who fail to settle before that date will be charged the original amount. No fairer offer than this can be made to subscribers who honestly intend to pay their debts.

SELF COMPLACENCY REBUKED.

Our lively weekly contemporary, the *Review*, published by Mr. Arthur Preuss on the North Side, says many bright, if sometimes irritating, things. If there is anything on this earth the A. P. A. "American" of the alleged Anglo-Saxon "stock" prides himself upon, it is his superior knowledge and intelligence. He knows, or thinks he knows, every thing under the sun. Among other things he firmly believes the average Irishman, German, Frenchman and so on is an ignorant, benighted fellow, who has no appreciation of American "institutions." He also thinks that the liberal Anglo-American who looks upon the naturalized citizen as a man and a brother is a "disloyal" person. The editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is not an A. P. A. American, because he is an Irishman by birth, but, occasionally, paragraphs creep into his paper which give aid and comfort to the A. P. A. element. We are certain the exceptionally able editor alluded to never saw the paragraph which the *Review*, in its issue of the 11th inst. comments upon thus:

"A NATIVISTIC LIE."—'The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that the majority of the illiterates in this country, of which there are 6,334,702 according to the last census, consists of foreigners.

"This is a lie out of the whole cloth. For, in the first place, of the 6,334,702 illiterates, 3,112,128, or almost one-half, are given as colored. One-third (2,065,003) are put down by the census as native whites, and scarcely one-sixth as immigrants.

"Hence the 'white natives,' besides being morally responsible for the ignorance of the three million negroes, furnish themselves two illiterates to each one of foreign birth."

ANOTHER PATRIOTIC PARNELL.

Mr. John Howard Parnell, brother of the late great Irish leader, has settled comfortably dow to work at Avondale House—the patrimonial residence—county Wicklow. Like all the Parnells, he is practically patriotic, and, having had an American training, discovers possibilities in Ireland that astound the average untravelled Irishman. Mr. Parnell, in addition to his Irish estates, owns a large peach plantation in Alabama, and thus keeps up his interest in American affairs. He is not the great parliamentarian his brother was, but, as an interpreter of Irish resources, is not a whit behind that famous departed personage. Every man or woman born in Ireland remembers the beautiful green furze bush, covered thickly with blossoms of the purest gold color, in the glorious Irish month of May. Then there is the blackthorn tree, which grows the sloe—a kind of dwarf plum that Americans would utilize as a preserve; the whitethorn, or haw, tree, which grows the sweetest flower that ever perfumed terrestrial air with the breath of God's angels; the nut hazel and a number of other dwarf timbers which make up with their larger brethren the matchless beauty of Ireland's forest lands. Our Dublin contemporary, *United Ireland*, in its issue of the 22d ult., publishes an interview with Mr. J. H. Parnell, which so well explains his views and projects that we have pleasure in reproducing it in part, as follows:

"Mr. Parnell gave some interesting information relative to the manufacture of wood-wool—a substance used in America for the packing of fruits—for bedding purposes in Ireland. He was supplying it, he said, to many of the public institutions, such as workhouses and hospitals. Its freedom from evil odors and parasites renders it popular with the authorities of such institutions.

"'And now, Mr. Parnell,' said I, 'tell me something about your umbrella handle and stick manufacture, of which I have recently heard something.'

"'That,' said he at once, 'is an industry that could be developed in Ireland with great advantage and with the least trouble. It has already become a most important industry in this county, giving employment to at least 100 men, women, and children during the season. It was on my second trip to America two years ago, I found a grand opening for a distinct new Irish industry, one which could be largely developed, not only in the raw state, but in the manufactured as well, and which could be the means of employing thousands of hands at a future day. We have the raw material for this purpose growing wild at our door, and which is always considered a nuisance—something to be got rid of. I found out the great qualities the furze or gorse bush has for umbrella handles. I do not think there was a furze or gorse root ever shipped out of this country until I made a business of it two years ago. The furze or gorse is now considered the best material for handles of umbrellas. They are very beautifully marked, and artistic, and uncommon in shapes. There are scarcely two furze roots or handles exactly alike, hence the reason they are so well liked by umbrella dealers. I have been told that the Irish furze is better than any grown, and is far more beautiful than the foreign. We have, then, a little monopoly for our fancy umbrella handles.

"'The Wicklow umbrella handle is now known all over the United States and England. It has a peculiar dark color in the wood, supposed to be given it by being grown in bog land, which no other furze has got. I started the industry by sending a couple of dozen to New York, where all but two pieces were thrown away. It was only after a year's experimenting that I succeeded in getting our Irish furze handles acknowledged in the markets. It is only within the last nine months I have forced them into the English market. They would not touch them in England for a long time. I think the reason they were finally taken in England was, I had got control of the American market with our good quality, and that the Irish furze had driven the English out of the market. I am now shipping the umbrella handles by the twenty thousand at a time to New York and London markets. There are, besides the furze, the ash, blackthorn, whitethorn, the crab, and yew and holly which can be grown largely for umbrella handles and whips.'

"'I have also heard, Mr. Parnell, that you are thinking of doing a little in the furniture line. Is that so?' I asked.

"'It is,' said he. 'I have tried making a kind of imitation solid bamboo furniture of the furze, or gorse bush. As soon as we have had experience in making it up well it will take its own place among artistic furniture material. Its beauty and great polishing qualities are its great attraction. The beautiful marks of the wood and roots make it a handsome natural material for furniture like the bamboo kinds, but much more beautiful. Its natural gracefully bent roots suit well for making legs for tables, rustic work, etc. It has a great future before it and will eventually run bamboo out. Nobody has ever made artistic small furniture out of it yet, it is then a new design in furniture in the furniture world. This branch of my new industries is only in its infancy as yet. It will take at least a year to work it out to near perfection. It goes to show that there are so many materials in Ireland which can be made use of to bring money and food to the poor—materials which are burned up as a nuisance, which would feed thousands of people.' * * * But the industries here mentioned are only part of those that Mr. Parnell is working at Avondale, which, as they are already known, I did not think it necessary to refer to. Anyway I left Avondale with two impressions, one, a melancholy one, for it had reference to the late owner of Avondale whose death was such a blow to Ireland, and the other of a more matter-of-fact character, for it was no other than this: that if every owner of property in Ireland took the trouble that Mr. John Howard Parnell does to develop local industries there would be no two questions about it the material prosperity of Ireland would be much advanced."

DENMARK AND IRELAND.

It would seem that within the last decade, the Irish producers have found a formidable rival in Denmark, whose farmers and dairymen compete with the Irish in the markets of Great Britain and Continental Europe. Says an Irish exchange of recent date:

"The consular report on the finances of Denmark is interesting to Irishmen, inasmuch as Ireland and Denmark are agricultural countries not altogether dissimilar in size, and competing in the same markets. The government of Denmark does not, as we know to our cost, refrain from spending the sums necessary for the development of agriculture, but the total expenditure is only £3,226,000 a year, much less than half the sum which the English treasury draws from Ireland. The situation of Denmark renders more military expenditure necessary than could possibly be required in a free Ireland, but the total expenditure on the army and navy is not much more than a million. The national debt amounts to about £11,000,000, and the annual charge is about £350,000. The expenditure on public works and railways is about a half a million; £110,000 is spent on old age pensions to aged persons not actually paupers, and £112,000 in aid of agriculture. It is not, therefore, by any lavish expenditure of public money that Denmark has been made so formidable a competitor of Ireland. The secret probably lies in the fact, as the consul says, that expenditure on agriculture consists of innumerable small items. It is from the way a home government can give care and attention to little things that much of its advantages are derived."

THE ANCIENT ORDER PICNIC.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook county will give their second annual picnic at Gardener's Park, Michigan avenue and 123d street, to-morrow, Sunday, July 21. The speakers will be John T. Keating, State President, who will preside; M. J. Maloney, William A. Cunnea and P. B. Flanagan. There will be a number of athletic contests for prizes, and the music will be furnished by Roddy's military band. All arrangements have been made to render the occasion a most enjoyable one. The proceeds of the picnic will be devoted to the very worthy object of erecting a monument at the Ancient Order of Hibernians' burial plot in Mount Olivet cemetery. The occasion should call forth an immense gathering of the Irish-American people of this city and county.

THE executive committee of the United Irish Societies held a largely attended meeting at McCoy's Hotel Saturday evening. It was decided to hold a picnic at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15, and the president submitted a list of the various committees. The committee on speakers were instructed to secure speakers of national reputation, and they now have several names under advisement.

AMONG the Irish-American Catholic papers which indorse the New Movement may be classed the *Catholic Journal of the New South*, Memphis, Tenn.

THE *Irish Weekly Independent's* recent picture of Ald. Roche, mayor of the beautiful city called Cork, reminds one of Rattlesnake Bob, the Tawny Terror of the Sunscorched Sierras of the American Occident.

LIMERICK CITY, true to her gallant traditions, has elected John Daly, the gentleman confined in an English prison on a trumped up case of alleged dynamiting, to parliament. Of course he will not be "seated," but that will not be the fault of Limerick—Ireland's most heroic town, which stood three long sieges—one in the time of Cromwell, and two in the days of William; once gaining a crowning victory and twice capitulating without dishonor.

O, town of manhood, maidenhood!
By thee the Shannon flashes,
Where freedom's seed was sown in blood
To ripen into ashes!

ARCHBISHOP KAIN, of St. Louis, has decreed that members of the Grand Army of the Republic may enter all Catholic churches and cemeteries under his jurisdiction, when assisting at the funeral of a Catholic comrade, in uniform or regalia; and "after the burial services prescribed by the church they may recite the very appropriate prayers sanctioned by the organization." Sensible archbishop!

EDITOR ARTHUR PREUSS, of the *Review*, should not be too hard on the Irish. There are enough "natives" in this country to pelt stones at us poor "foreigners." The "natives" come mostly from Canada. Mr. Preuss comes from Germany. Where's the connection?

A BRITISH exchange, writing of the observance of the Waterloo anniversary in England, says: "It was the eightieth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and of all the vast host on the British side not one grey-haired veteran is left to shoulder his crutch or show how the field was won. This is all the more remarkable in these centenarian days, because several of the British regiments were not only the rawest but the youngest of soldiers. The late Earl of Albemarle, who died three years ago, was ensign in the Fourteenth, and served throughout the campaign, and he was only 15 years of age. He stated that fourteen of the officers and 300 of the men in his regiment were under twenty years of age."

JOHN MORLEY, ex-secretary for Ireland, was disastrously defeated in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Up to date, the Tories have swept nearly everything before them in Great Britain. In Ireland the elections are proceeding slowly. The Parnellites gained one seat, that of Kilkenny town.

PICNIC AT RIVERSIDE.

Rev. Father Hagan's parishioners, LaGrange, Ill., are preparing to give a grand picnic at Riverside, Ill., Saturday July 20. The committee of arrangements are preparing for, and expect to entertain, 2,000 people. A splendid programme, consisting of athletic games and sports of twenty different kinds, dancing, music, boat-riding, quoit-pitching, bowling-alleys, and various kinds of running contests on the grounds has been prepared. The greatest contest of all will be the two bicycle races, one for men and the other for boys under 15. The men's race will leave LaGrange at 2:30 p. m. sharp, and the finish will be at the picnic grounds. Five costly prizes will be given for this race, the winner receiving a gold watch valued at $100. The entries to this race close July 18, at Fulton's drug store, LaGrange, and the list is open to all bicycle riders who wish to enter the race. The boys' race will take place from the Riverside depot to the picnic grounds. We are sure the many friends of Father Hagan in Chicago and the suburbs will show their appreciation by their attendance at the picnic on this occasion. It is needless to say that the picnic is given for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the debt on his church. The trains leave Union Depot at 12:10, 12:55, 1:30, 2:10, 3:15, 4:05, 4:40 and 5:15, and return every half hour or so till 11 p.m. Round trip tickets can be purchased at the gate at 25 cents.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

FROM PLYMOUTH, PA.

At a meeting of the Henry Grattan Club, held on the 14th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A call has been made by the representative men of our race proclaiming a convention which has for its aim the absolute independence of Ireland, other than by parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, Any movement that will tend to accomplish the above object meets with our unqualified approbation; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of the Henry Grattan Club of Plymouth, Pa., unanimously agree that the exclusion of every vestige of British authority from Ireland is the only mode by which she can advance; and further

Resolved, That we pledge the New Movement our moral and financial support, and hope the means selected will rid the country of its parliamentary agitators, most if not all of whom in our estimation would drain the last drop of the nation's blood in furthering their unappeasable thirst for personal preferment.

Committee: James J. Shanly, William Hardiman, William R. McAvoy.

FROM KANSAS CITY, MO.

At a meeting of the Peter O'Neill Crowley Club of Kansas City, Mo., held at their hall on Sunday, July 7, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A call has been issued for a convention of Irish-Americans, for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish national independence, other than the present demoralizing parliamentary agitation; therefore be it

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the proposed convention, and pledge ourselves to do all in our power to aid this very desirable move, provided it is fearless, manly, and vigorous.

FROM BOSTON, MASS.

At a recent meeting of the Wolfe Tone Guards, at 53 Hanover street, Boston, Mass., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, the Wolfe Tone Guards of Boston, give support to the New Movement for Irish liberty, and pledge ourselves to that movement heart and soul—with even our very lives—and to work devotedly and fearlessly until the complete independence of Ireland is gained and Green Banner floats free of all foreign powers.

Resolved, (1) That we have liberty or death. (2) No more moral suasionists to play on the imaginations of our race. (3) To call a parliament of Irishmen in College Green, Dublin, and to recognize no laws made for Ireland by England. (4) Wear nothing of English manufacture, but protect American industries. (5) Abolish the landlord system in Ireland, and release the political prisoners who are wasting away their lives in English dungeons. (6) Annex Canada and other British provinces to the United States. (7) To aid Cuban patriots struggling for their liberties. (8) To assist all weaker powers from English robbers.

Committee: Patrick McManus, Patrick J. Dooley, Bartholomew Cloberty, President, John Martin; secretary, P.J. Dooley.

PREMIUM NOTICE.

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only for thirty days.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The brilliant operatic burlesque "Little Robinson Crusoe," now in the sixth week of its great pupular run at the Schiller, has won a success altogether unprecedented in the history of burlesque in Chicago. Eddie Foy has literally captured the town in his eccentric and laughable character Dare Devil Willie, and keeps thousands continually laughing at his inimitable character sketches of the pirate, the tramp, the missionary, the race-track sport and the new woman. The second edition and new and greatly improved version of "Crusoe" will be put on at the Schiller next Monday evening, July 22, and it will be found full of new and attractive specialties. W. H. Hamilton, a noted buffo-actor and baritone singer, formerly with the Duff Comic Opera Co., is making a great part of the highly dramatic character of "Tuffenuff" the pirate king.

The advance sale of seats is always large, and those residing in the suburbs and the country should reserve seats at once, which can be done by calling up long distance telephone Main Express 235, box office of the Schiller Theatre.

Did You Ever think that you cannot have good health without pure blood? Health comes by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes the blood pure.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

MY IRISH MAIDEN.

My love is like the morning's beam,
As bright, as fresh, as glowing,
My love is like the crystal stream
Through shade and flowers flowing;
My love is like autumnal night,
With fairest moonlight streaming,
Or like the balm of pure delight
With love and friendship beaming.

So fair is she—so sweetly fair—
Adorned with perfect beauty,
With heart another's woe to share,
Nor shirk a maiden's duty:
To fondly love through weal ond woe—
A love that ne'er can falter—
While Suir's bright wavelets ceaseless flow
By Cashel's royal altar.

She loves to talk of Erin's pride
And Erin's faded glory,
Of how her heroes bled and died
Who live in fame and story,
And oft she prays to come the day
She'd see the green flag waving
O'er serried ranks in proud array,
Their rights no longer craving.

Oh, that from Lee to Bann and Boyne,
With patriot swords were gleaming,
How proudly I would march to join
In native land's redeeming,
And feel my maiden's prayer and tear
From every danger shielding,
What foeman's blood would glut my spear,
What tyrant stand unyielding?

P.T.M.

THE LATE CAPT. MICHAEL HOY.

A Distinguished Irish-American Soldier and Patriot of Minneapolis, Minn.

During his recent trip to the leading cities of the Northwest, Mr. William Sullivan, agent for THE CITIZEN, stopped at Minneapolis, and met the members of the late Capt. Michael Hoy's family. Who was Capt. Hoy? As brave an Irishman as ever thrashed a blackguard or drew his sword in the cause of liberty and humanity. He died of a complication of diseases, after leaving behind him a name that will long be honored by his fellow citizens, without distinction of creed or race. "Michael Hoy," says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "was born in the King's county, Ireland, in 1837. His father died when he was young, and he received a common school education. At the age of 16 years he came to America with his mother, brother William and two sisters, settling in Brooklyn, where he learned the stone cutter's trade. In 1854 the family moved to Cooperstown, N. Y., where young Hoy worked at his trade for one year, afterwards returning to Brooklyn. In 1857 he came to Minnesota, settling in the town of St. Anthony, which constituted a few scattered houses on the east bank of the Mississippi. He followed his trade, and the same year of his arrival he cut stone for the erection of the State University, which building is to be found to-day occupying a central portion of the university grounds. The same year he helped erect St. Anthony of Padua church, the first house of worship built in the town of St. Anthony. This church is in existence to-day, its location being Main street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues northeast.

The following year, March 17, 1857, St. Patrick's Day, occurred an incident in Michael Hoy's life that will long be remembered by the older residents of this city. He had always had an ardent love for his native land, and on the date named, when a mob of hoodlums hanged and burned St. Patrick in effigy, Hoy's true Irish blood was stirred with righteous indignation. It was on that memorable day that his patriotism was tested. With a string of potatoes encircling his neck, a form representing St. Patrick was conspicuously hanged in front of a store where now stands the "White Elephant" saloon. Hoy and a dozen brave Irishmen strongly resented the national insult, and soon routed the mob. In those days the Irish-Americans lived almost entirely in the eastern section of the town, and the small handful of Irishmen, headed by Hoy, experienced some difficulty in crossing the river. They succeeded, however, and a hot encounter followed with 200 or more infuriated fanatics. Stones and clubs were used, and when the row subsided the result was astonishing. Hoy and his stalwart countrymen had won the day. They were badly bruised about the faces, but they had gained their point, viz.: clearly demonstrating to the mob that such insults would not be tolerated—and they cared not for what little punishment they received during the terrific encounter. From that day on no trouble was experienced on St. Patrick's Day. On the next anniversary Irishmen came to St. Anthony from all over the state to celebrate.

When the war of the rebellion broke out Michael Hoy was one of the first to offer his services. He enlisted Aug. 22, 1862, in company K, Tenth Minnesota, and served gallantly in the hottest of it until April 13, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. He was shot through the right arm during the second day's fighting at the battle of Nashville, and owing to his wound was compelled to return home. Hoy was commissioned second lieutenant by Gov. Ramsey and first lieutenant by Gov. Miller. He served in the Indiana campaign in 1862, when the Indians massacred the whites in Minnesota, and he was with Gen. Sibley when he chased the reds across the plains to the Missouri in 1862. The Indians were driven across the river at a point where Bismarck now stands. Hoy's regiment was at Mankato when the 36 Indians were hanged for having slaughtered a number of white women and children in an inhuman manner. During the fall of 1873 his regiment was called South, where it engaged in some hot fighting, being conspicuous in the engagements at Tupulo, Oxford, Old Town Creek and the two days' fight at Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, 1894. It was there that Hoy was severely wounded by a minnie ball, during a charge on the rebel breastworks.

Mr. Hoy was married in 1860 to Miss Catherine Quesley, who bore him 12 children. After the war he returned to St. Anthony and took up his residence with his wife, near the present home, on the corner of Main street and Seventh avenue northeast. He was elected city marshal on the soldiers' ticket in 1865, and William Byrnes, who was elected sheriff of the county at the same time, appointed him his deputy. Hoy held the office of city marshal for seven years, until the consolidation of St. Anthony with Minneapolis proper. He was then made captain of police, and afterwards chief of police under Mayor George A. Brackett, and was appointed chief of detectives a few year later."

In the latter capacity, as in every position he ever held, Michael Hoy was the same fearless, efficient man, and he leaves none behind him who had a braver heart or a truer soul.

OBITUARY.

AGNES AHERN MCGUIRE.

Agnes Ahern McGuire, author of "The Star of Bethlehem," a recital in sweet and simple verse by a good mother to her children of the beautiful story of the Manger, "Love vs. Passion," and other tender poems, published in the Chicago *Tribune* and *Herald* and in the New York press, died after a painful illness at 1322 Dunning street, July 4, and was laid to rest in Calvary July 6. Special services were held in St. Vincent's church, Rev. Father Hannegan pathetically condoling with the mourners. He knew the deceased well, and praised her character eloquently.

Mrs. McGuire was the daughter of Timothy and Bridget Loftus Ahern, now dead, and was born in Kingston, Western Canada, in 1849. She lived in Chicago since 1864, marrying M. G. McGuire, attorney and real estate dealer. She had twelve children, seven of whom survive. She was a devoted wife, indulgent mother, and a woman of marvelous fortitude.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The games scheduled by the Gaelic Athletic Association for Sunday, July 21, are Liberators vs. Sarsfields, football, and Innisfails vs. O'Mahonys, hurling. The Liberators have up to the present been undefeated, and are playing remarkably good games. The Sarsfields had lost only one game, before they were reinforced by the majority of the members of the Irish-American Athletic Association. The contest is certain to be a close one, and has attracted considerable attention amongst the Gaels. Regarding the outcome of the hurling contest between the Innisfails and O'Mahonys very little can be said. The Innisfail team will, however, be weakened by some of its members being compelled to attend to military discipline, and will be under canvas with the 7th regiment. Still the Innisfail team has a large membership, and the places of a few can be supplied by untried men who may surprise some of the well trained hurlers. The O'Mahony team is composed principally of the best hurlers in the city, but the Innisfails are swifter and possess more stamina, and what they may lose in false play they are certain to make up for in this respect. The contest will be a hard fought one, and we are content that the best team will come out victorious.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LITERARY.

The Arena.

The two subjects that stand out most prominently in the July *Arena* are the Age of Consent propaganda and psychical science. Upon the former subject representatives of different states write for and against changing the laws governing this matter to make them more in consonance with the laws governing the disposition of property. The Hon. C. H. Robinson (Democrat), of Iowa, considers the statutory declarations on the subject in detail, and criticizes adversely those who advocate changing the existing provisions and tenor of the law. The Hon. J. E. Rowen (Republican senator) of Iowa writes in favor of raising the age of consent to the age of legal majority. The Hon. Z. H. Gurley considers the question has a physiological as well as a sociological aspect and is in favor of making the age sixteen. The Hon. A. C. Tompkins of Kentucky considering the physio-psychological aspects of the question regards the present laws as adequate and as affording proper protection to both male and female. The Hon. Will H. Lyons of Kentucky takes the opposite view. Mrs. Helen H. Gardner, the well known novelist and essayist, who has written, and lectured and labored so much for the legal and moral protection of her sex, furnishes a running commentary on these interesting contributions. In the domain of Psychic investigation the Rev. E. T. Allen considers the question of "The Duality of Mind" which has been raised by some psychologists. The editor of the *Arena* gives a study of the facts in regard to palmistry, as viewed by modern science—such specialists as Galton and others. A. Taylor writes of The Universal Church—the church of reality and humanity. This is Emerson's dream of a church "that will have earth and heaven for its beams and rafters and science for symbol and illustration." B. O. Flower contributes the sixth paper in the series on "The Century of Sir Thomas More." Anson J. Webb offers an "outline of a New Philosophy of Money." Col. Richard J. Hinton writes "A Character Study of Wendell Phillips," whom he knew intimately, among other great men of the anti-slavery period. This paper gives a glimpse of Theodore Parker, Whittier and other Abolition notables. Another paper from the pen of the editor considers "The Rights of the Child in the Light of Heredity." Miss Lilian Whiting, the well known Boston essayist, relates "A Story of Psychical Communication," relating to one of her most intimate friends, recently deceased, for the authenticity of which she vouches. John Davis writes a study of Napoleon which will be of interest at the present moment of Napoleonic revival. A symposium of notable women discusses the Single Tax. Frank Buffington Vrooman writes of "Child Life and the Kindergarten," and Alice W. Fuller tells the story of "A Wife Manufactured to Order."

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANANMHAIN)

"Measaim gurab ag magadh agus ag fonómhaid atáthaoi faoi m'each agus ni saor me féin uaibh mar an g-ceadna, agus is mairg dam do chaithfeadh an chuid eile dom' bhiladhaibh agad, a Fhinn," do ráidh an fear mór, "agus an mhéid sin do bhur sgige d'fheicsin an chéad lá; agus aithgnim gur teist bréige do chuaidh ort, agus biad ag imtheacht uait;" agus adubhairt an laoi mar leanas:

"Biad-sa anois ag dealughadh leat,
A Fhinn, a's le d'Fhiannaibh;
Ni bh-fuill ann acht mearughadh
Do laoch tigheacht dod' iarraidh;
Do mhuintear gidh mórdhálach,
A Fhinn mhic Chumhaill chroschaigh,
Ni mhairfead in d'óglachas,
Ni fhanfaidh an Giolla Deacair.
Gidh do chuaidh do dheagh-thág-sa,
A Fhinn, ar fud na talmhan,
Is eadh ort nach g-ceillim-se,
Do chlid éirigheann gan édhbhar."
"Guth orsainn ná tabhair-se
Ná b-imthigh uainn fá dhóilás;
Luighim fé na h-armaibh-se
Nár chailleas riamh ar óglach
Dá bh-fanfá-sa i m'fharradh-sa
Feadh bliadhain a Ghiolla Dheacair,
Do bhéarfainn gan charachadh
Ar ghealllas duit na deaghaidh."
"Da m-budh gan de'n bhliadhain-se,
A Fhinn, acht aon lá bheith ann,
Ni fhanfainn in d'Fhiannaibh-se
Tré a n-dearnsad orm do bhradlang:
Cuirim suas dod' mhuintearthas,
A Fhinn, gidh maith do fhreagradh,
'San bh-Féinn ó nár fulaingeabhar
Ag imtheacht uaibh-se biad-sa."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, July 11, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$10,137,316.65
Overdrafts		19,274.36
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds		245,100.00
Real estate and mortgages		43,200.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
CASH ASSETS—		
Cash	$3,177,234.22	
Due from banks and bankers	2,115,869.11	
Exchanges for clearing-house	541,655.74	5,834,859.07
Total		$16,332,050.08

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		286,332.11
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		1,248.00
Deposits—		
Individual	$8,946,516.01	
Banks	5,052,963.96	13,999,479.97
Total		$16,332,050.08

OFFICERS:

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice-President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY R. KENT, 2d Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE E. ADAMS, ROBT. E. JENKINS,
WM. A. HAMMOND, WM. R. PAGE,
S. B. COBB, WALTER L. PECK,
GEO SCHNEIDER. CHAS. R. CORWITH,
WM. D. KERFOOT, ALB'RT A. MUNGER,
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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove length, $6. per cord delivered
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393 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

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Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
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Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

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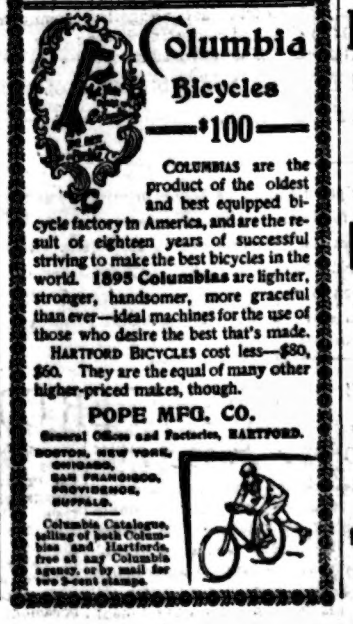
CHICAGO
Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines Specialty.

You see them everywhere.

Columbia
Bicycles
—$100—
COLUMBIAS are the product of the oldest and best equipped bicycle factory in America, and are the result of eighteen years of successful striving to make the best bicycles in the world. 1895 Columbias are lighter, stronger, handsomer, more graceful than ever—ideal machines for the use of those who desire the best that's made.
HARTFORD BICYCLES cost less—$80, $60. They are the equal of many other higher-priced makes, though.
POPE MFG. CO.
General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD.
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, PROVIDENCE, BUFFALO.
Columbia Catalogue, telling of both Columbias and Hartfords, free at any Columbia agency, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

H.R.EAGLE

10-gallon keg Cider Vinegar	$1.39
10-lb pkg Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour	25 cts
½-lb can Crescent Baking Powder	3 cts
1-lb can Spa Baking Powder	5 cts
½-lb can London Cocoa	11 cts
Sweet Chocolate, per cake	3 cts
½-pint Lea & Perrin's Sauce	19 cts
½-pint American Olive Oil	4 cts
1-lb can Salmon	9 cts
1-lb can Log Lobsters	19 cts
Sardines, in oil, per can	3 cts
Imported Sardines, per can	8 cts
Elgin Creamery Butter, per lb	15 cts
3-lb cans lard, compound	19 cts
1-lb package Corn Starch	4 cts
Whole Black Pepper, per lb	5 cts
Toilet Paper, per roll	2 cts

Drug Dept.

Compound Celery Nervine	43 cts
Extract Root Beer, makes 5 gallons	5 cts
Wild Cherry Phosphate, large bottle	8 cts
Witch Hazel, full strength, pint bottle	17 cts
Double-Distilled Bay Rum, 8-oz bottle	19 cts
Pepsin Tablets, per bottle	9 cts
Pure Powdered Borax, per lb	10 cts
Persian Insect Powder, per lb	27 cts
Dalmatiar Insect Powder, 8-oz box	14 cts
Insect Blowers	5 cts
Cocoanut Oil Soap, per doz	19 cts
Climax Bulb Syringe, three hard rubber pipes	24 cts

Laundry Goods.

Soap—	Per bar.	Per box.
General Jackson, 100 in box	2 cts	$2.00
German Family, 72 in box	3 cts	2.15
Aunt Sarah, 100 in box	3 cts	2.75
Wallace Kirk's National	4 cts	1.98
Family, 50 in box	4 cts	1.98
Eagle's Standard, 60 in box	4 cts	2.39
Babbitt's Best, 100 in box	4 cts	4.00
Santa Claus, 100 in box	4 cts	3.90
Mottled German, 60 in box	5 cts	2.75
Fairbank's Best Family, 60 in box	5 cts	3.00
Fairbank's Best Family, 20 in box	5 cts	1.00
Cocoanut Oil Toilet, 1 doz in box		19 cts
Honey or Glycerine, 1 doz in box		35 cts
Carbolic, 3 cakes in box		45 cts
Cashmere Bouquet, per cake		20 cts

Bluing—

Pure Spanish Liquid Blue, pints	5 cts
Pure Spanish Liquid Blue, quarts	10 cts
Pure Spanish Liquid Blue, ½ gals.	15 cts

Starch—

Best Grade Bulk, per lb	3 cts
6-lb boxes Best Laundry for	35 cts

Ammonia—

Best Grade Ammonia, pints	5 cts
Best Grade Ammonia, quarts	10 cts

Washing Powder—

Pyle's Pearline, small	3 cts
Pyle's Pearline, large	9 cts
Babbitt's 1776, small	3 cts
Babbitt's 1776, large	9 cts
Fairbank's Gold Dust	19 cts

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour $3.79

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s
"Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	47 cents
50-lb Bags, each	95 cents
98-lb Bags, each	$1.90

PURCELL'S BEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT, brl $3.89
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl $3.49

We make a specialty of the "Out-of-Town" trade. We can SAVE you money on every article you eat, wear or use. Write us.

HAMMOCKS.

14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—white—each ..... 39 cents
14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—colored—each ..... 69 cents

SHOE DEPT.

LOW SHOES AT ONE-THIRD VALUE.

French Kid Hand-Sewed Juliets, 4 to 6, A and B wide, regular $3 Shoes, go at, per pair	$1.35
Tan Oxfords, in Ooze and Dongola, worth $2.50 to $3, at, per pair	$1.35
Opera Toe Slippers, the $1 kind, at, per pair	45 cents
Turned Dongola Oxfords, worth up to $2, at, per pair	69 cents

KEEP YOUR EYES ON US

If you want anything in Sporting Goods. If you don't buy of us you will lose money.

BICYCLES.

A fine Gent's High-Frame 28-in. Pneumatic-Tire Bicycle, full ball-bearing, Morgan&Wright tire, wood rim, the latest, worth $85.00, now	$38.95

SWEATERS.

Roll-Collar Cotton, all sizes, worth 50 cents	15 cts
Pure Lamb's Wool Sweaters, all colors, worth $2.50	$1.05

BICYCLE CAPS.

Any cap in our house worth 75 cents	25 cts

SUNDRIES.

Wood Rim Cement, 4-oz can	10 cts
Enamel, 4-oz can	10 cts
Morgan & Wright's Lacing Cord, per yard	1 ct
All-Wool Bicycle Hose, worth 75 cents	25 cts

BASEBALL GOODS.

Granulated Handle Bars and Ash Bats, worth 75 cents	13 cts
Mitts—A fine Men's Buckskin Mitt, worth $2.75	$1.25
Balls—Eureka Balls, worth 25 cents	8 cts

Cigars and Tobacco.

Belle de Cuba Conchas Especials, guaranteed clear Havana, 5 cts each, per box of 50	$2.00
Belle de Santiago Perfectos, an elegant seed and Havana, 5 cts each, per box of 50	$2.00
Our Eagle, clear Havana filler, Florida wrapper, box of 50	$1.60
Manuel Garcias, Conchas Especials, clear Havana, box of 50	$1.75
La Libertad, Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, box of 50	$1.50
Cuban hand-made Perfectos, long filler, box of 50	85 cts
Turkish Beauty, a very good cigar, box of 50	65 cts
Key West Extras, a free smoker, box of 50	45 cts
St. Jaco, box of 25	25 cts
Sweet Clippings, smoking per pound	12½ cts
Sweet Cob, a granulated Durham, per poond	17 cts
Seal of North Carolina, 2-oz packages, per pound	45 cts
Yale Mixture, per box	19 cts
Cornell Mixture, per box	19 cts
Oxford Mixture, per box	19 cts
Catoc Mixture, per box	19 cts
Jone Jack, per package	20 cts
AA1 plug, per pound	20 cts
Climax plug, per pound	35 cts

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.
John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
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SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,
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Wholesale Cigars.
Sole Proprietors of
LA CARINA,
Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.
122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,
CHICAGO

THE SENTENCE.

A saucy tease is Metabel,
A roguish, laughing, chaffing tease,
But what she says I shall not tell,
And what she does you may as well
Be sure is seldom done to please.

Yet when I threaten Metabel
With penalties severe and high
Her sunny smiles my frowns dispel,
Her wheedling ways my anger quell;
She seems the judge, the culprit I.

No mercy showeth Metabel,
Yet sweet the fate her word imparts.
Last night she sentenced me to dwell
A captive in the deepest cell
Forever of her heart of hearts.
—New York Sun.

NICKEL STEEL.

Its Extended Use Will Prove a Source of Profit to Canada.

"When nickel steel comes into general use for the construction of vessels, as it undoubtedly will," said a Canadian gentleman at the Great Northern the other day, "Canada will, in a sense, control the shipbuilding industry, because, so far as is at present known, there is very little nickel outside of the Dominion, while we have nickel bearing pyrites practically without limit. That whole vast stretch of territory reaching from Lake Superior to Labrador is rich in it and will produce hundreds of thousands of tons of it annually for an unlimited period whenever the demand requires it.

"How will this control the shipbuilding industry? Why, in this way: It has been demonstrated by conclusive tests at your proving grounds at Sandy Hook and elsewhere that steel mixed with, say, 5 per cent of nickel is double the strength of ordinary steel. In the construction of men-of-war the advantage is obvious, and in building merchant vessels the benefit to be derived from the use of nickel steel is equally plain, as it will enable them to be built much lighter than they are now, which means less coal and less engine power with an equal amount of security and equal amount of speed. It will only be a few years when a wooden vessel in the port of Chicago will be something of a novelty and the new vessels will before very long, for the reasons indicated, be made of nickel steel, and this will be the only metal in demand for the purpose at your great shipbuilding yards in Cleveland, Detroit, South Chicago and other points.

"Another advantage which steel having nickel in its composition possesses over ordinary steel is that it will not corrode and that barnacles cannot get a foothold on it, so that nickel steel ships' bottom will never require to be scraped."
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A New Race of Roses Perpetual.

The Gardeners' Chronicle calls attention to a new race of roses which has been introduced by some Paris growers. They belong to the Polyantha group—that is to say, they bear their flowers in trusses. The new roses have the advantage over the others of being "perpetual," and consequently they flower continuously all through the summer. This advantage they owe to their origin, a natural cross (croisement naturel), observed in the Lyons gardens, between the flowers of the first specimens of Polyantha introduced from Japan and some hybrid perpetual roses. By repeated and careful selections, a new race of roses has been produced which, like annuals, germinate, flower and produce seeds in less than a year. The term "dwarf" is justified by the height, which in adult plants is only about 20 inches. The flowers are single, semidouble or double, in almost equal proportion, and present almost all the variations of color observed in cultivated roses. Flowering commences in the first year, and even a few months after sowing. This precocity is one of the most remarkable and interesting features of this new type.—Westminster Gazette.

A Fair Inference.

It is undeniable that actions often speak louder than words. A usurious money lender, who had for some time collected an extortionate interest from a debtor, sent his collector to the man, as usual, one day. The collector returned and reported to his employer that he could not collect the money.

"Do you mean to say that the man declared to you that he wouldn't pay the interest?" the usurer demanded furiously.

"He didn't declare so in so many words, but he gave me to understand so."

"How did he give you to understand so?"

"He kicked me down three flights of stairs!"—Youth's Companion.

In the Past Tense.

"Say, mister," he called, with his head in the door of a Michigan avenue grocery, "do you own a hoss?"

"Yes; I own a horse," replied the grocer as he looked up from his paper.

"And a wagon?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Nuthin, 'cept you are mistaken about the wagon," drawled the boy. "Your hoss took a skate down the street about five minits ago, and there hain't 'nuff of that there wagon left to make a club of."—Detroit Free Press.

Egyptian Superstition.

The Egyptian shopkeeper had a deity to whom he offered sacrifice every morning, and whose duty it was in return for this reverence to stand in front of the shop during the day a sort of celestial "barker" and direct the attention of the people passing by to the shop and its contents.

True worth is as inevitably discovered by the facial expression as its opposite is sure to be clearly represented there. The human face is nature's tablet. The truth is certainly written thereon.—Lavater.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.—A. Dumas.

Turkestan was originally the stan, or land, of the Turks.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published. 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

"Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc, made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

LUCY WAS DEMURE.

But the Sedate Young Minister Feared High Kicking Girls.

A sedate young minister recently took up quarters in a boarding house in the Tenderloin district. He was delighted to find himself the only gentleman at a table where six young women lent charm even to murky coffee and hashed and rehashed hash. He took them to church with him on the first Sunday morning, and in the evening they sang gospel hymns for him. He retired early that night, and the sound of their voices lulled him to sleep, but it did not seem to him that the song was exactly gospel. However, he had forgotten the occurrence by breakfast time.

The next day some marks on the door of the back parlor attracted his attention. There were just as many of them—although he did not notice that—as there were young women, varying in altitude from 4½ to 5¾ feet. Over each mark was a capital letter, but it did not occur to him that these capitals were the initials of the young women. Underneath the lowest line and around all of the lines except the two upper ones—which represented progress—was a smudge as if former lines had been rubbed out in order to make later and higher ones.

The sedate theologue became very curious about these marks. He asked many questions, but the young women only teased him by way of answer, exciting his curiosity and fascinating him all the more. It had seemed to him that young women of the city had more charming ways than those of the country. One of the six in particular, by name Lucy, had won his admiration. She was the demurest of all, and she it was whom he took to church alone and for whom he bought ice cream and candy wrapped up in boxes bearing gold labels. Yet even she was proof against his most subtle queries about the meaning of those marks.

What might have been the future relations between himself and Lucy if he had not returned unexpectedly one evening from prayer meeting no one can tell. The door of the back parlor was partly open, and he heard a whisk of skirts and saw near the topmost mark on the door the toe of a little boot—Lucy's boot.

His baggage was packed before he went to bed.—New York Press.

THE HONEST FINNS.

Life and Property Are Both Thoroughly Secure Among These People.

Life and property are thoroughly secure in Finland. Trunks and parcels are left for hours in the street, to be found when wanted by their rightful owners. In the country districts the houses are never barred and bolted, even in the absence of their owners. Then, again, it is no uncommon thing for a blooming girl of 17 or a young married woman to drive alone in her cart a distance of 50 or 60 miles through dense forests and by the shores of gloomy lakes, conveying the family's butter, cheese and eggs to market in town, and then to return home alone with the proceeds. In trade the Finns are not only scrupulously honest, they are heroically, quixotically so.

A tradesman will tell you the whole truth about his wares, even when he knows perfectly well that by so doing he loses a customer whom the partial truth would have secured. "This seems exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors some months ago in reference to an article that costs $75, "and I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly recommend me to take it." "No, sir; I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere.

"Here's your fare," I said to a peasant in the interior who had driven me for three hours through the woods on his drosky, handing him $1. "No, sir; that's double my fare," he replied, returning one-half the money. And when I told him he might keep it for his honesty he slightly nodded his thanks, with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen.—Scottish American.

Thad Stevens' House Demolished.

One of the historic old houses of Capitol hill is now being demolished to make way for a handsome modern residence which is to be erected upon the site. People passing along B street, between First street and New Jersey avenue southeast, have noticed for years an ancient residence on the south side of the street, which has been one of the landmarks. The oldest inhabitant when asked about it would say it was formerly the home of Thad Stevens, and thereupon the house assumed renewed interest in the eyes of many. A project was on foot at one time to purchase the house with money contributed by colored people and to make it a memorial to the regard which the colored race entertains for the memory of Thad Stevens. Ex-Senator Bruce and other colored men of note were interested in the scheme, but it was abandoned.—Washington Star.

Bullet Marks In a Church Door.

An interesting discovery has been made at the Church of St. Mary, with St. Andrew, Tenyham, in Kent. The western door recently underwent renovation, and the removal of all superficial covering disclosed that the portal was of fine massive oak, which, on examination, was found to be scarred in several places with bullet marks. There are eight distinct punctures, in some of which the leaden bullets still remain imbedded. It is supposed that they were fired into the door by some of Cromwell's soldiers when engaged in the spoliation and desecration of the Kentish churches.—London Letter.

The Change.

Banks—I thought she needed sympathy, and so I married her.

Hanks—And—

Banks—And we have now changed places.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MAYA WOMEN.

THEY ARE INTELLIGENT, SWEET TEMPERED AND BEAUTIFUL.

In the Olden Times These Wives of the First Owners of America Were the Mothers of a Courageous Race, and They Never Looked Into a Mirror.

An unfamiliar word, but as old as the hills almost, is this word Maya. Among the Brahmans it means illusion and is the name of the earth, the material world, which, according to the Brahmanical doctrine, is nonexistent—an illusion. Maya Devi was the name of the beautiful mother of Buddha. Maya in the feminine energy of Brahma and the mother of all the gods, even of Brahma himself. Any Greek dictionary informs us that Maya is the good mother of all gods and men. In Japan the goddess Maya is still worshiped. The beautiful Indian poem "Ramayana" tells us about a great navigator named Maya, who in ages long gone by took forcible possession of the countries at the south of the Hindoostanee peninsula and settled there.

The Maya people of America were in olden times a great nation, occupying the territory comprised between the isthmus of Tehuantepec and that of Darien. We know that they were navigators, their boats being depicted in very ancient books and paintings. In 1502, when Columbus came to America for the fourth time, he met on the high seas a large boat, in which were men, women and children. It also had a cargo of merchandize, consisting of weapons, tools, products of the earth and ready made garments. The travelers called themselves Mayas. They were in the habit of traveling to Cuba and other islands to trade with their inhabitants. The Mayas were neatly clothed in white cotton raiment. They were self possessed and courteous. Fifteen years later their land, today called Yucatan, was invaded by the Spaniards, but it cost the white men 25 years of warfare to get control of that country, for every Maya fought like a hero. They were sons of fearless mothers.

In reading the works left by the Spanish chroniclers—priests who accompanied the soldiers—we learn that the Maya women were very good looking, as many are at the present day; that they were charitable, sweet tempered, industrious, modest and so free from vanity that they never consulted the mirror, although their husbands did. In physique these women were large and beautifully shaped.

Their complexion was a light brown, and their silky black hair very abundant. Father Cogolludo, a Spanish priest, wrote, "These women are more beautiful and better tempered than those of Spain." They always dressed themselves, as they do at the present time, in flowing white garments, and in their happier days were greatly addicted to the use of perfumes and flowers. They were industrious, devoted wives and fond mothers, but exacted great deference from their children. Their ideas of modesty were so strict that they did not permit their daughters to look boldly into the face of a man, and if a girl showed a want of shyness the indignant matron would pinch her arms. After the Spaniards were in possession of the land they subjected these women to indignities and cruelty. Among many other things it is recorded that in one village they found two young women of remarkable beauty, one a bride, the other a maiden, and they hanged both, so that there should be no trouble about them. Many young mothers were hung from trees and their infants suspended from their feet. Those who escaped death were enslaved with their husbands and children.

Long ago, as far back as our studies enable us to know anything about that nation, the Maya women seem to have enjoyed the same privileges as the men, to have had equal power in politics and equal authority.

Today, when business is to be transacted, the wife takes the active part, her husband nodding his head affirmatively. It is not that she desires to domineer, but because he looks up to her, relying on her judgment. She complies with admirable moderation and modesty. She is eloquent and forceful without being loquacious, and she never scolds. When her husband gets himself into trouble, she pleads for him, being a more able reasoner than he is. If he gets intoxicated, she guides him home. If he strikes her, she says, "He does not know what he is doing," regarding him with angelic forbearance, so that domestic brawls are quite unknown. It is her pleasure to give him the best of what they have, keeping for herself the worst.

This woman's home has a thatched roof and earthen floor. She has no pretty objects around her. Hammocks serve as seats by day as well as beds by night. There is one low chair or stool on which she sits while her busy fingers make the garments of the family. In one corner stands a bench and grinding stones. Her hands grind all the corn used in that humble abode. The fire is built on the floor between three stones, on which rests the clay pot or the disk for baking tortillas. Outside at the back of the hut there is a long dugout, serving as a washtub, resting on trestles. There she stands for some hours every day, her small feet bare, soapsuds up to her elbows, yet her hands are small and pretty, her voice is sweet and low, her language never rude, and if you approach her hut she welcomes you with such perfect grace and self possession, mingled with cordiality, that you ask yourself if she is not a princess in disguise. She may be, but, alas! the palaces of her sires are crumbling away in the forests where her husband cuts timber for his master, the white man, now owner of the soil. The dying race must bear its fate, and the Maya woman meets it nobly, with resignation and grace.—Washington Post.

THE MARINE COMPASS.

The Reason Why It Varies During Thunderstorms and In Fogs.

Apparently the compass is a simple instrument, a needle of steel suspended on a pivot, the needle magnetized either by a magnet or battery, so that its points are attracted north and south. What attracts and determines the position of the needle, whether it be currents of electricity from north and south passing round the earth, or, as vulgar sea knowledge has it, the north pole, scientists yet are in doubt. Of course every school child knows that the compass is useless as it approaches the north pole, the dip is so great, although instruments have been made for the use of vessels destined for voyages of discovery. But this commercial age requires that all things should be practical.

The modern steel and iron vessels have made it a necessity that there should be some test for the compass. In fact, upon an iron vessel the compass is useless unless the local attraction of the iron in the vessel can be neutralized or counteracted. This is done by placing small magnets in the pilothouse, which can only be done correctly by swinging the vessel exactly north and south, then by small magnets overcome the local attraction, until the needle of the compass is correct. There the danger begins. In a month or so the magnets lose part of their power; the iron of the vessel absorbs it. The consequence is that the vessel is in danger. Another thing, a dense fog will neutralize or rather weaken the magnetic power of the needle of the compass, so if there be the least friction in the pivot the needle swings upon, the compass is faulty and the vessel is ashore. It is a singular, unexplained fact that coming to and passing the straits of Mackinac the local attraction of the shore is such that the compass cannot be depended upon for safe navigation. Many a vessel might be saved, if in a fog, by placing a compass at the masthead and "con" the course by the call of the man placed there to observe it. If the ship is near the shore, say within one mile, the needle of the compass will be deflected one-fourth of a point; the shore attracts it. A thunderstorm will change the poles of the compass at times, and summer lightning or any electric disturbance will make a difference. In the fall a brilliant display of the northern lights (aurora borealis) will play hob with your compass. Sometimes the point, especially in the spirit compass, may become very blunt (it is made of brass) and the compass cord will hang. It is a good plan for every captain navigating the lakes to test his compass. Take a piece of steel or a long knife, chisel or file; apply it opposite the north pole of the compass and gradually try to pull the needle either way. If after releasing the needle from the influence of the article used it swings back and points to the north, the compass is correct—that is, if the needle is placed right on the card.

But when within a mile or more of the shore the lead is the instrument to be depended upon. I venture to say that every shipmaster will tell you that at times the compass has its moods. But when we take into consideration the many surrounding influences that in our modern from ship bear upon the efficiency of the compass we wonder there are not more errors.—E. R. P. Shurly in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Prehistoric Archaeology.

In The Popular Science Monthly Professor Frederick Starr describes archaeology in Denmark. Prehistoric archaeology has been, thanks to Thomsen, Worsaae, Muller, Madsen and others, carefully studied in this northern country. Perhaps nowhere else have finds been more numerous. It is important to note that in Denmark there is no paleolithic, or rough stone period. After the retreat of the ice of the glacial period, man seems to have at once set to work. Kitchen middens or refuse heaps abound. Among the mammalian remains the bones of the dog are common. Worsaae estimates that these refuse heaps would date back from 3,000 to 2,000 B. C. Since they were formed there have been important changes in the geography, fauna and flora of Denmark.

The oysters of the Baltic no longer exist, and peats now take place of the coniferous forests. One highly entertaining piece of work of a practical character has been carried out in Denmark. On an estate had been found a large quantity of stone implements in excellent preservation. A nobleman on whose grounds these stone tools were discovered has had a small wooden house built at Broholm, in Funen, for the exhibition of these relics of, say, 4,000 years ago. In erecting the house the carpenters used no other tools than the old stone ones.

The Psychic End.

Now that hypnotism is in the air, our conversation books will have to be remodeled, as thus:

Good morning. Have you hibernated well?

Yes, I had a most successful trance last winter. Have you laid up at all?

Only for a few days at Christmas, just to escape the bills.

Well, you take my advice, old man, and rent a private catacomb on the three years' system. It comes much cheaper in the end, and you save all your coal and gas, to say nothing of clothes.

We've started a Nirvana club in our neighborhood on the tontine principle. The last person who wakes gets the prize, unless the first who comes to makes off with it.

It is capital, any way, when you are taking a tour. Saves all the trouble of sightseeing. You are just packed up and forwarded from place to place, with an automatic kodak which records everything you visited. Try it!

Will, some day. By Jove, I must be off! I've got to attend an anaesthetic concert, absolutely painless.

And I've got a mesmeric dinner party on tonight. All the bores will be put in glass cases and fed mechanically.

Goodby, then. Sleep well!—London Punch.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, John Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial Hall, South Chicago.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S, Julius Ealer, 534 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 188 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1607 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 536 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 81 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 495 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Rick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cramer. Meet 2nd and 4th Mathway in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 235 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

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St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Seamilt; T, L Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2333 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 43—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 42—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 298 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE. $80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80. OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.50

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60. OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80. OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $5.50. OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50. OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$36.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$18.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED." 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2457. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2457 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $35, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED." LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2458. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2457, but ladies' size. This is a most

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